

Clair
de
lune

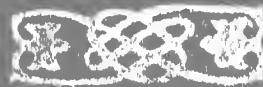
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Clair de lune

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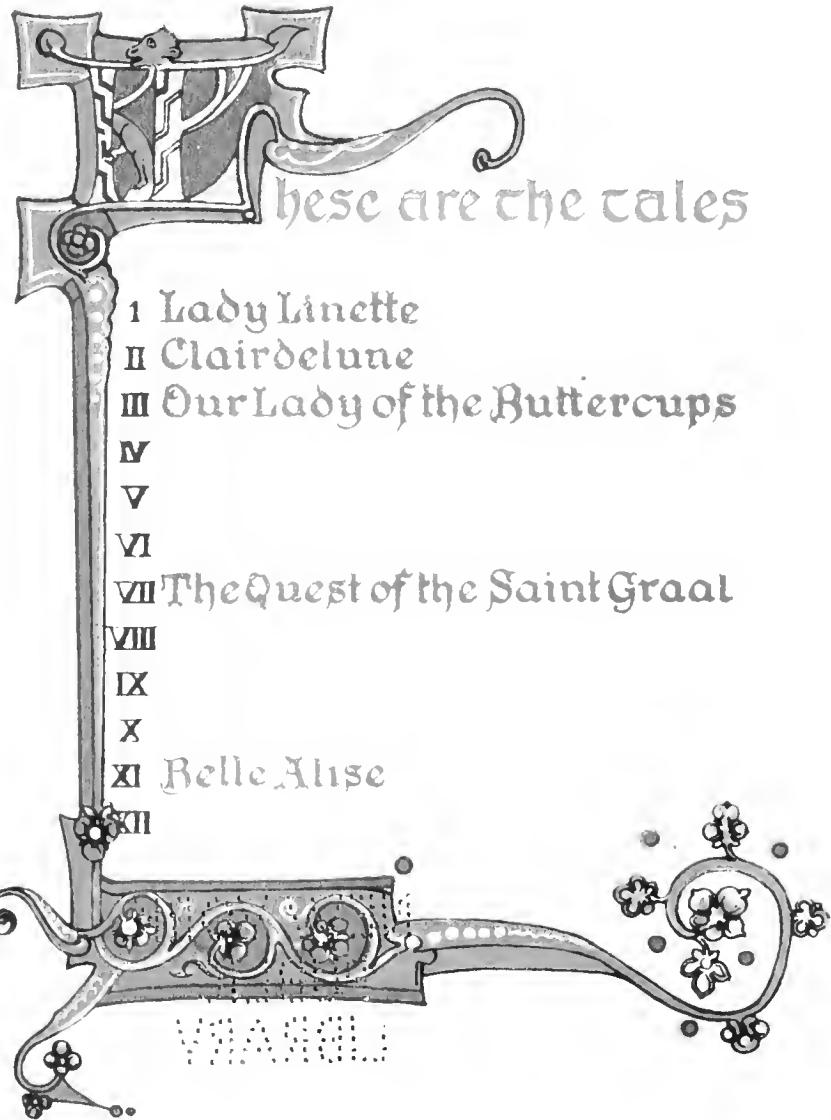
WIA
OLIGUA
VRAAGLI



Fair de lime

and other
Troubadour
Romances by

Michael West
pictured by Evelyn Paul
music by Alfred Mereet
George G. Harrap & Co. Ltd.

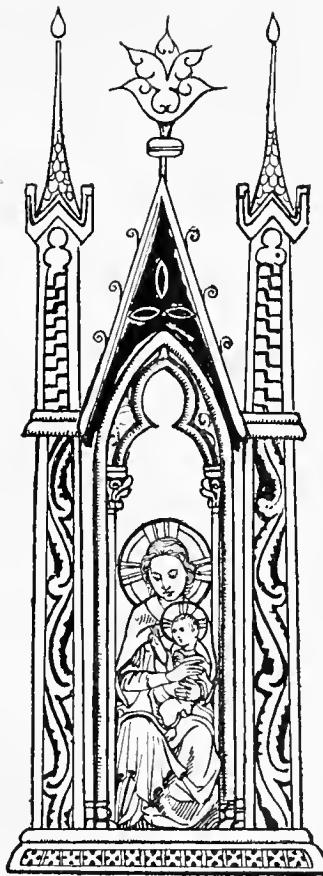


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Sweet Mother Mary mine,
Guardian of the sleepy Kine
Dwelling in the meadow wide,
Pilot of the grass-top tide,
Bid me tell this tale for thee,
That good & pleasing it may be.

MY lady sat in her chamber, with her maidens gathered round her. It was evening; through the sky sailed the moonship, and the country-side lay pale and silent in the magic light. Her children leaned against her knee. They were listening with ears and eyes and mouth to the minstrel who sat before them, come out of the night like a wandering moth that flits towards the light, and flutters and is gone.



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There was no sound but the mutter of a listless wind, stirring half asleep in the woodland, as the old man took his harp from under his cloak. His fingers wandered to and fro over the strings as of their own accord ; he sang soft and low a little ditty bidding them listen well and give good ear, and praising his story, for he was proud of it because it was his own.

And then he began the tale, perhaps of Lady Clairdelune, as moonshine slanted through the window, making the maidens' upturned faces look wan and strange. And now and then as the story went on he touched his harp and slipped into song like a little stream of music through a grassy plain, that only here and there peeps for a moment above the surface, and then is gone.

When the story was done, he bade them good-night. But they pulled him back and he told just a little story for the children that were leaning against the Lady's knee—one about the Holy Virgin Mary, of whom the mother herself had told them. Perhaps it was a curious story, and the Lady thought she ought to look shocked, but she knew he was only a simple old man, who saw no harm in thinking that the Holy Mother looks after smooth brown cows, and loves them. And perhaps she does after all. And so the minstrel ended and went out.



Troubadour Romances

TY Lord sat in the Hall, at the centre of the great table up on the dais. Wine stood before him, and torches blazed and flickered on the wall, while the great fire shone with a ruddy glow, and rustled into ashes as the great logs crumbled away.

The minstrel stole in, quiet and calm as before ; the talking hushed as he came. He sat down by the fireside, and drew his fingers across his harp. Some one passed him a cup of wine. And he sang softly, bidding them listen, and he told them of knights that have loved each other, and have done good service ; of knights that have done ill, and of the things that saved them. The fire sank lower, and the torches burned down into their sockets ; the wine cup ceased its round, and the dogs dozed off on the hearth. Then he told them a little tale of the Holy Virgin that loves them, and some smiled, but they liked to hear him speak of the cherry trees, and of children and magic lakes, for though they were rough fellows they had gentle hearts, and they liked to hear him tell of what he loved.

At last he looked up, and putting his harp under his cloak he sang them his quiet good night.

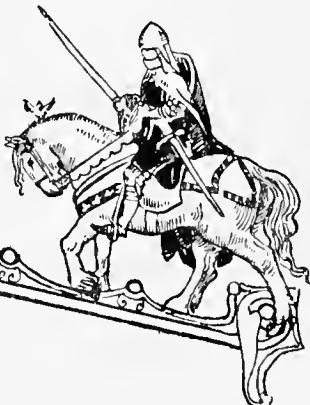
The Hall is still, and the bower is dark. Only over the moorland the minstrel wanders, and the stars that told him his stories shine down from the sky where live blue-eyed Sir Hugh, and Petit Jean of the Golden Hair.



This is the first story.
I pray you listen well

EDYDD DEDME

He sings
Listen, and your cares forget,
To the tale of fair Linette,
For it is as sweet to hear
As little birdlings to the ear
When Lady May is coming in,
And to bud the flowers begin.
Be your hearts howe'er so sad
Yet this tale will make you glad.



HE speaks and the tale is told

The Duke of Aquitaine was a great warrior, and a skilful ruler, and he had many lands and more money than a whole brotherhood of friars could count in a year. And yet was he the most unhappy wight in the whole world, for never a wink of sleep came to him o' nights, but he lay on his bed a-praying or a-thinking all night long, only to pass the time till morning, for he knew very well that he should never sleep, never a wink as you and I. And so sorely did he suffer therefrom that in time he grew sad altogether, and became wan and haggard as an old man; and he laughed no more when he went a riding, but sat on his horse like a pilgrim, tossed to and fro.

And at last he called his counsellors and all the knights of the household, and he said that whosoever should bring him some remedy that would make him sleep, he would give him whatsoever he asked, even to his niece the Lady Ydoine in marriage, and all her dowry with her—and that was no light matter, for never was there a fairer lady, and I tell you truth. Yea and more than that, for the land that went with her was so great that a man might scarce ride round it in a week, though he had fresh horses at every resting place. But for all she was so

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fair, and her dowry so big, yet did not one make offer. For they knew not what to do. In good sooth if a man have a rheum dose him with cowslip, and so minister to the stomach ; and if he be sauseflame (which is an affection due to surfeit and causing a redness or ‘inflammation’ of the visage), rub him with cream of tartary, and so purify the skin, but they knew not how medicine should be poured into the brain, nor what might come thither to make it whole.

Now there was a certain knight Sir Amadas that was knight of the bed-chamber unto the Duke. He was a very fair knight but exceeding poor, for he had lost all his estates by mischance ; and that troubled him the more for that he loved the Lady Ydoine very greatly, never a whit for her dowry but for herself only. Yet he never knew how he might win her, being but a poor knight of the bed-chamber.

So Sir Amadas came to the Duke and said, ‘Sir, if wilt give me leave, I will go out and seek if I may not find some one that hath a remedy, for if I fail I have nought to lose, nor will ever return hither again ; but if I succeed, then is it the better for thee, and I am thine to do with as it pleaseth thee.’

So the Duke bade him go, and wished him a very good success, ‘for,’ he said, ‘the reward is great.’

And so Sir Amadas went out and came to a certain physician that was reputed the most learned in all the world, and asked him what he should do for the sickness of the Duke. And he said, ‘Had they but

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asked me before, all would have been well. For this evil is not to be cured by medicines, nor by herbs, nor yet by consultation of the stars; for it is caused by the black vapours of the bile which, when he lieth upon his bed, do flow up into his head and thereby make a perturbation of the brain, so that it may not be at rest.' And much else he said that I cannot remember, save that he advised that the Duke stand upright when he slept.

ND Sir Amadas said, 'Much good have I from the learned doctor, for how shall a man sleep standing against a wall—?' Next he came to a certain hermit that was known to be very wise, and he said to him, 'Sir, canst thou tell me why the Duke lies waking in the night-time; for I have asked a certain great physician, but I know not what he says; may be thou canst tell me a way to give him sleep.'

And the hermit said in this manner, that all the physicians in the world might be asked nor ever better him one whit. 'For,' said he, 'if a man sleep not, this is no matter for the physicians, for what physician can cure a heart that is full of troubled thoughts, and a mind that muses on sins that have been done in the day-time. Bid the Duke shrieve himself and confess his sins, then may he sleep, perchance—for our Saviour Christ saith "How hardly shall a rich man enter into Heaven."'

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And Sir Amadas said, ‘Much good have I gained from the holy hermit, for surely the Duke is a better man than I, for all that he is rich and I poor as a hermit himself; yet shall the Duke enter into God’s mansion first, and I wait outside with the lackeys.’

And he was very sad as he rode along his way, for evening was coming on and he knew not how he should find out the cause of the Duke’s sickness.

Hnd as he passed along his way
He heard a linnet on a spray
Singing sweet,
Te weet, te weet,
Blithe and gay,
And beyond he saw a wood,
Darkling in the eve it stood,
Never trod by human feet;
There the linnet sat and sang,
Gaily through the trees it rang,
‘Te weet, te weet,
Sweet.’
Then she leapt from off the spray
And flew along a little way
T’ward him, and ‘Te weet’ she said,
And lighted on the horse’s head.



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AND the knight marvelled for she stayed there never a bit affrighted ; but ruffled her feathers and preened herself, and then sat still as any stone. And the knight rode on ; and it was late evening ; and he was very weary. And as he rode he fell asleep, but the horse went on still. And when they had gone—he knew not how long it was, there was a rustling at his ear, and he awoke. He was in the midst of the wood, and lo the linnet had flown up among the trees. And he said, ‘God shield me, for some elf hath brought me hither that I might be a prey to witches.’

And as he stood there he heard a sound of hoofs as of one that galloped alone, and ever and anon paused and curvetted for very joy of horsemanship. He said, ‘It is a robber ; now know I that it was a trick.’ And he drew his sword and cried, ‘Ho, who comes so late in the night, and what wouldest thou ?’

And the rider said, ‘It is the Lady Linette.’

And so it was as though a thousand voices above him in the trees cried also, ‘The Lady Linette.’ He said, ‘In very truth I have no doubt but that this is magic.’ And he said, ‘Come forth and speak with me.’ And there came out into the moonlight a lady mounted on a brown horse. She was clad all in brown, with little brown shoes on her feet. And she said, ‘Sir, I ween that thou art Sir Amadas, a servant of the Duke that knows not sleep, and dost seek aid

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for him. He said, ‘It is so.’ And she said, ‘Wait here till it is morning ; for lo it is now but two hours to daylight ; and I will send my page to thee.’

And she turned her horse, and curvetted, and rode off into the forest.

 O Sir Amadas tethered his horse and set his shield by his side and laid himself down under a tree, and waited till morning. And when it was nigh on morning there came to him a little page clad in brown, save for a red necklet tied about his throat and tucked in at the breast. Who said, ‘Art thou Sir Amadas, servant to the Duke that knows not sleep ? My lady hath bidden me ride with thee.’

And Sir Amadas laughed and said, ‘Yea, ride with me if thou wilt, but God wot I am a sorry companion, for I know not my way out of this forest.’ And he said, ‘I will show thee.’

When they came to the court on the morrow the Duke was at the gate ready for the hunt. Seeing them he said, ‘In sooth, good Sir Knight, thou hast brought fair treasure from thy journeyings.’

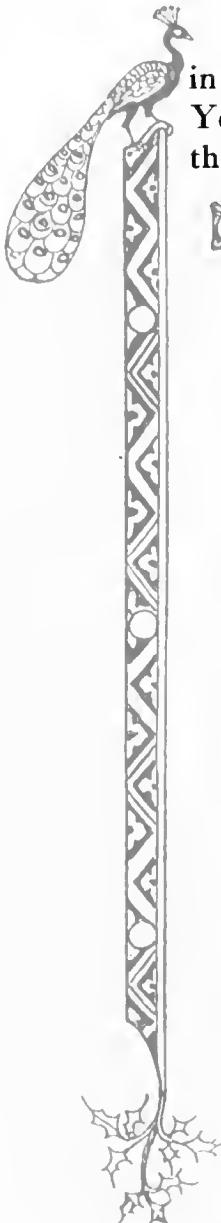
And in the evening when the candles were fetched and the Duke made to go to his chamber, Sir Amadas cried to the page, ‘Give me now the medicine that the Lady has sent with thee.’ And the page said, ‘I have no medicine.’ And Sir Amadas was angry. ‘It is a trick, for the Lady promised me that she would

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give me the means to cure him.' And the page answered, 'Lead me now to the Duke, and I will make him well.' And Sir Amadas was angry and he would not. But the Duke passed by and he said, 'Nay, let him come an' he will, for if he be a pert fellow, in very truth he shall rue it; and if he do well—who knows who may not serve when so many have failed.'

And the Duke went to his chamber and he took off his coat of silk, and his jerkin of rich blue cloth, ornamented round about the neck with men on horseback, and his hose. And the page stood at the window and looked out. And the Duke said, 'Ho, page, wilt thou give me no aid in dishabilment? Surely thou art ill trained. Lo now, Sir Amadas, here is a modest youth indeed that thou hast brought, for he blushes like a rose to see my bare calves.'

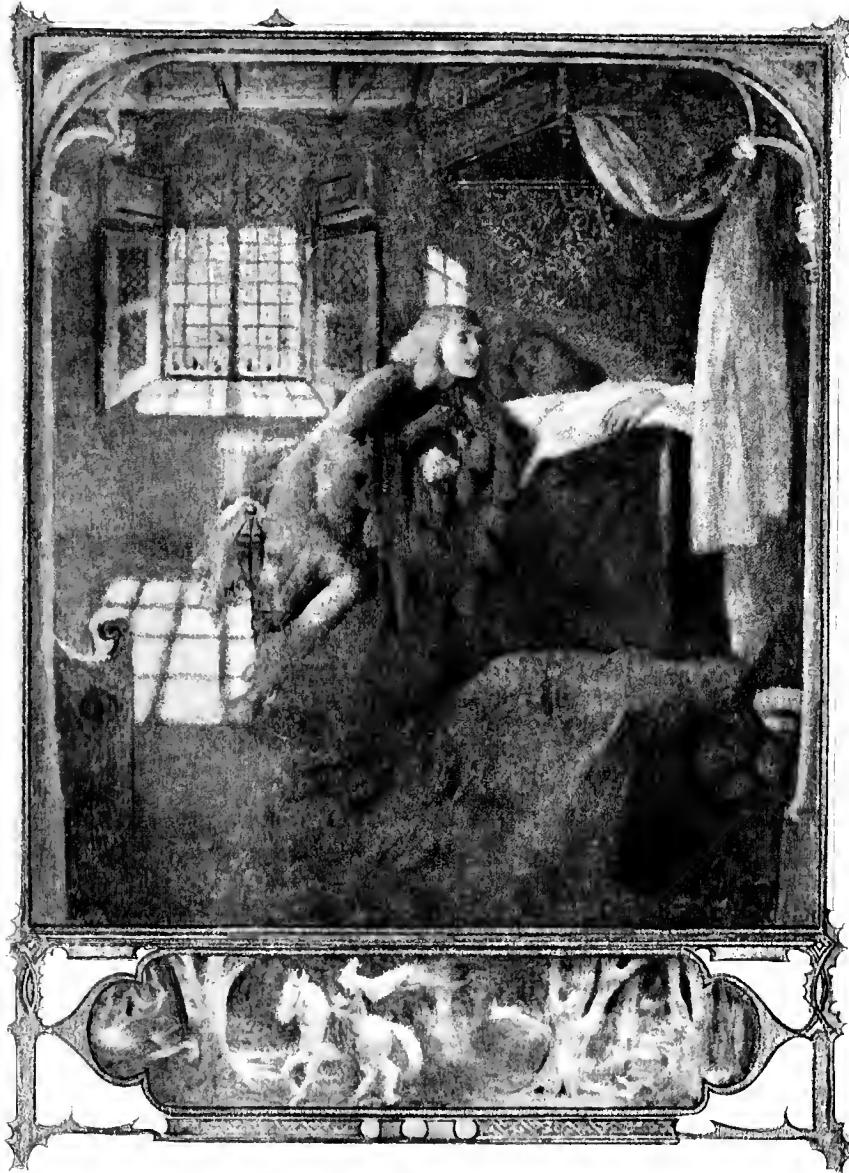
Then the Duke mounted into his bed, and drew the curtains round on the further side. And Sir Amadas pulled out the truckle from under and laid him down on it. And the Duke said, 'Come now, sir page, where is thy drug, for I am ready and my bare legs^{are} hid beneath the coverlet.' The page said, 'I have no drug; wait awhile.' So the Duke lay a-musing. And after a time Sir Amadas fell asleep and began for to snore. And the Duke said, 'Verily, yonder thy charms work well, bring me now here a little of thy magic.' And the page said, 'Wait yet a while.' And Sir Amadas was quiet, for he was



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in a deep slumber, and he dreamed of the Lady Ydoine. And the page came near and took the Duke by the hand and said, 'Hark now.'

HND he sang to him
Of the Lady Danaë
In her castle by the sea,
Looking all the day in vain
Out across the shipless main;
Hopeless, longing to be free,
Love-lorn Lady Danaë.
And how there came King Oberon,
In a chariot fair, that shone
Like to burnished silver bright,
Drawn by swans all snowy white,
Loving King of Faëry,
To love-lorn Lady Danaë.
And gat Sir Percy by her there,
Who to kill the King did swear;
And how in after years it came,
That he slew him at a game,
Cast a pole and knocked him down,
And broke the wicked tyrant's crown,
Who imprisoned Lady Danaë,
In a castle by the sea.





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And as the tale came to an end, and the Duke lay half a-dreaming, he made to whisper to give him grand merci ; but the page bent down and kissed him, and the Duke was very glad of the kiss, for he never knew lips so soft as those. And the page said, ‘Hush, now wilt thou sleep, for the woods are singing, and Lady Linette goes out a-riding ; now wilt thou sleep.’ And lo it was the song of linnets, he wot not how many, yet so sweet they sang. And he said, ‘I pray thee tell me the meaning of the song, for methinks they sing words.’ And the page said, ‘Not this night but to-morrow thou shalt hear ; sleep now.’

The next night the Duke went to his bed and laid him down, and he bade Sir Amadas go from him, ‘for,’ said he, ‘may be thou wilt sing the better without his snoring for a prick tune.’ But the page said, ‘Nay, but let him stay !’ and the Duke said, ‘Ho, little one, has thou seen more legs than thou blushest so bright ; what is it now that brings thy morning ?’

And long time the Duke lay waking, and the page said never a word. And when it was toward the middle of the night, the Duke said, ‘Come, little one, hast thou forgotten thy tales, for here I lie a-musing and never a word thou sayest to bring me dreams.’ And the page said, ‘Hush, for soon will the song be coming ; hush.’ And he said, ‘What was it they sang, for methought it was words, and yet I know

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not, for how could beaks make words.' But he said, 'Hush.' And there was a singing, and as they sang, the little page sang with them.

A musical score for two voices. The top line starts with a treble clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics 'Tee weet, tee weet, the' are written above the notes. The bottom line starts with a bass clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp.

The continuation of the musical score. The top line starts with a treble clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics 'lin-net is singing, The La-dy Lin-ette out a rid-ing goes. Tee' are written above the notes. The bottom line starts with a bass clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp.

The continuation of the musical score. The top line starts with a treble clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics 'lin-net is singing, The La-dy Lin-ette out a rid-ing goes. Tee' are written above the notes. The bottom line starts with a bass clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp.



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The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff a bass clef, and the bottom staff a cello/clef. The music is in common time. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines. The first section of lyrics is: "weet, tee weet, the fo-rest is ring-ing," followed by a dynamic instruction "ff". The second section of lyrics is: "With her bo-dice of brown and her lit-tle brown shoes." The music concludes with a final section of lyrics: "Tee Weet, tee Weet, he cries in the gloaming,
Tee Weet, say they all in their nests adoze.
The Lady Linette through the forest is roaming,
With her bodice of brown and her little brown shoes."

Tee Weet, tee Weet, he cries in the gloaming,
Tee Weet, say they all in their nests adoze.
The Lady Linette through the forest is roaming,
With her bodice of brown and her little brown shoes.

Tee Weet, says the Lady, be still With your chiding,
The town is asleep, and nobody knows
That the Lady Linette through the forest is riding,
With her bodice of brown and her little brown shoes.

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When the song was done, the Duke said, 'I prithee, what is the Lady that they sing of?' And the page answered, 'Not this night, but to-morrow thou shalt hear; sleep now.' And he said, 'Kiss me again, little page, and then I will sleep.'

On the morrow the Duke lay awake till midnight, and after midnight, till the moon was gone clean out of the sky; and he said, 'Little page, hast thou forgot thy stories, and the birds forgot to sing? How shall I sleep now?' And he said, 'Thou shalt not sleep, but we will go seek the Lady Linette. For I cannot always make dreams for thee, a-sitting by thy bedside. My songs cannot last for ever nor my stories neither. For thou hast no one to dream of, as hath thy squire yonder; and until thou find one to dream of how shalt thou sleep? We will go seek the Lady Linette, may be she will know of a way.'

So the Duke rose up and the page said, 'Nay, wake not Sir Amadas, for thy horse is at the gate, and the doors are open for thee.'

So they rode into the night
With their horses treading light,
On the dewy grass until
They had gone across the hill;
And went onward till at last
The forest border they had passed. . .



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Nnd as the Duke rode on his way
He heard a linnet on a spray
Singing sweet
Te weet, te weet,
Blithe and gay.

'Little bird,' quoth he, 'Dost thou
Keep thy even-song till now?
'Tis late and all, save I, at rest,
Wilt thou not go and seek thy nest?'
But up she flew, 'Te weet,' she said,
And lighted on the horse's head.

And the Duke marvelled, saying, 'Ho, little passenger, wilt thou go with me? May be thou wilt guide the horse for my page hath left me, and I am weary so that I can scarce find my way.' And ere a little while the Duke fell asleep, and the linnet sat still on the horse's head. At last the Duke heard a fluttering of wings at his ear and he awoke. And lo! the linnet was gone up into the trees, and the Duke knew not where he was in the forest. He said, 'Ho! now was the little page nigher the truth than he guessed; for had I one to share my nights with, she had not allowed me to go a-roaming thus when the sun is yet three hours to morning.'

And as he rode along he beheld a castle, all bright with torches and lanterns, and the drawbridge down, and a fair carpet laid thereon, and men standing by. And he drew nigh, and said, 'Sirs, for whom is this preparation, for methinks he knows little indeed of

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courtesy that keeps you waiting thus half the night through.' They made no reply, but took the reins and brought him in, and led his horse away, and took off his armour and gave him a fair cloak of the richest silk, lined with fur, and brought him down to the hall, where there were many ladies waiting ; and the ladies made him pass along till he came into a great hall with the floor all of coloured tiles, showing the story of Procne and the Nightingale. And after a while the little page came to him there, dressed in the finest silk, with a fur edge about his throat, and a plume in his cap ; and the Duke said, 'How now, little one, why didst thou leave me in the forest ? Surely that was strange knighthood, forsooth.' He answered nothing but brought him to an inner chamber, the walls whereof were all lined with brown, smooth and glistening as silk, and the floor carpeted with down softer than feathers to the tread, and the roof like trees. And the page said, 'My lady will be with thee in a trice,' and went out. Ere the Duke had waited half a mile's riding, the Lady Linette came to him, dressed all in brown, with brown shoes on her feet ; never had he seen a fairer lady, for if I should seek to tell of her I should sing all night till the torches were burned down into ashes on the floor, and the fire laying grey in the dawning. Only this I know, that if the little page was fair, she was fairer, and if there be any fair that ye know, she was fairer yet.

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SHE greeted him and said, ‘Sir knight, be not amazed that I have made all ready; for I heard of thy coming and so put all in order for thee.’

He marvelled how she should have known of his setting out, and asked if he might see his page again, ‘for,’ said he, ‘that little fellow hath a piping tongue to go before and bid all be in readiness, when he



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knoweth not whether I may be there, or whether I may not have turned back, or yet taken some other road.'

Then they went to the feast, and the Duke was very pleased with the lady, for when she spoke the words came from her lips as sweet notes from the strings of a lute, and as the song from the throat of a bird when the feathers at his breast are trembling with his singing.

And when the feast was done and the morning was beginning to shine he said, 'Oh, sweet lady, where is now my page to plead for me? for but now he said that if there were one to share my daytime with me, I should not lie a-musing in the night-tale. But I am clumsy at fair words and speeches; only this I know, that I have never seen a fairer lady than thou art; and I am fain that thou shouldst wed me — an thou wouldest do so.'

And she said, 'Sir Duke, I will wed thee when thou answerest one question.' And he said, 'What is it?' And she said, 'Not this night, but to-morrow thou shalt hear; for now it is nigh on morning and the maidens are longing for their beds, that they may take an hour of dreaming ere the daylight peeps in at the eyelids.' So she wished him good-night, and he went to his couch; and the next morning a squire brought him on his way to the court.

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WHEN he was come into the hall, Sir Amadas greeted him and said, ‘Sir Duke, I ween that thou wilt not be angry if I beg thy pledge of thee now, when thou dost sleep so well; for wast thou not risen before the sun had scarce come in at the window to wake me; therefore I prithee, if so I may, that I may take my pledge, for methinks the Lady Ydoine looks kindly on me; and whether I take also her lands I eare not, for she will take poverty with me if need be; and I tell you so for she herself did say it.’

And the Duke was at a loss, for said he in his mind, ‘To which of the twain should she be given? For though the page be but a stripling, yet is the Lady Ydoine scarce come from girlhood, so that she might wait till he be a knight if needs be. And in truth ’twas he that gave me sleep, though it were but two nights—for on the third he gave me better than sleep. Nevertheless ’twas Sir Amadas that brought him hither. I know not what to do.’

And Sir Amadas said, ‘Sir, I prithee if I may know?’

And as the Duke mused, there was a horn sounded at the gate, and a knight came in and said, ‘Sir, there is a certain page who hath come with a great company that is at the gate, and would have audience with thee.’

And the Duke said, ‘Ho! doth not now the little page ride in state! Yea, bring him in, and that right worthily for his honour.’

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And when the page came in he said, ‘Sir Duke, methinks that thou didst promise of late that thou wouldst give him, who found sleep for thee, whatsoever he might ask. I prithee now fulfil thy pledge, for I have given thee two fair nights of sleep, and the third night——.’

And the Duke said, ‘Yea, in a while, in a while,’ and he sat down in his seat on the dais, and knew not what to do, which he should reward. And he said, ‘Lo, this is indeed a day of questions, for there is yet the Lady Linette’s question to come, and I can scarce solve this one.’

And he said, ‘Is thy Lady without?’ and the page said, ‘Yea, she is here.’ And he said, ‘I prithee go ask her this question, Is the leader who brought the army, or the army which he brought to be rewarded for taking the city?’ And the page went out.

Then the Duke smote his thigh and said, ‘Nay, surely it is the leader, for an he had not brought the army to the city how should it have been taken? Therefore, Sir Amadas, I give her unto thee.’

But the page returned and he said, ‘The Lady says that thou must first answer her question that she would ask of thee. And this is her question, “Which is to be rewarded, the physician that healed the sick man, or the lackey that brought the physician into the chamber?”’

The Duke said, ‘Surely the physician. Take thou the pledge.’

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Then said the page, ‘Yea, sir, but what shall become of Sir Amadas, for surely he is worthy of something?’

And the Duke answered, ‘Ask what thou wilt, Sir Amadas.’

SIR Amadas said, ‘Sir, that would I do indeed, yet know I nothing that I desire save the Lady Ydoine; for an I have not her I have nothing. When I had not the Lady then had I the hope of gaining her, but now that she is another’s, I have less than I had before, since that hope is taken away.’

And he said, ‘I prithee ask the Lady Linette what shall I give this knight that he will desire.’

And the page went out, and came and said, ‘Sir, the Lady says give him the Lady Ydoine and her lands with her.’ And he said, ‘Dost thou then yield thy claim?’ And the page said, ‘Nay, sir; but thou didst say that whatsoever I would I should ask. And so do I, for I ask for thee thyself. For in the forest thou didst say, “that is true which the little page told me, that had I one to share my days and also my nights, I should not have been left in this plight.” Yet I had not left thee, save to make all ready for thy coming to the castle. Who made thee sleep but I? Therefore whom better couldst thou have to watch over thee? Take me therefore.’ And he went out.

And the Duke was amazed and he knew not what to say, nor whether to laugh or to restrain, for he

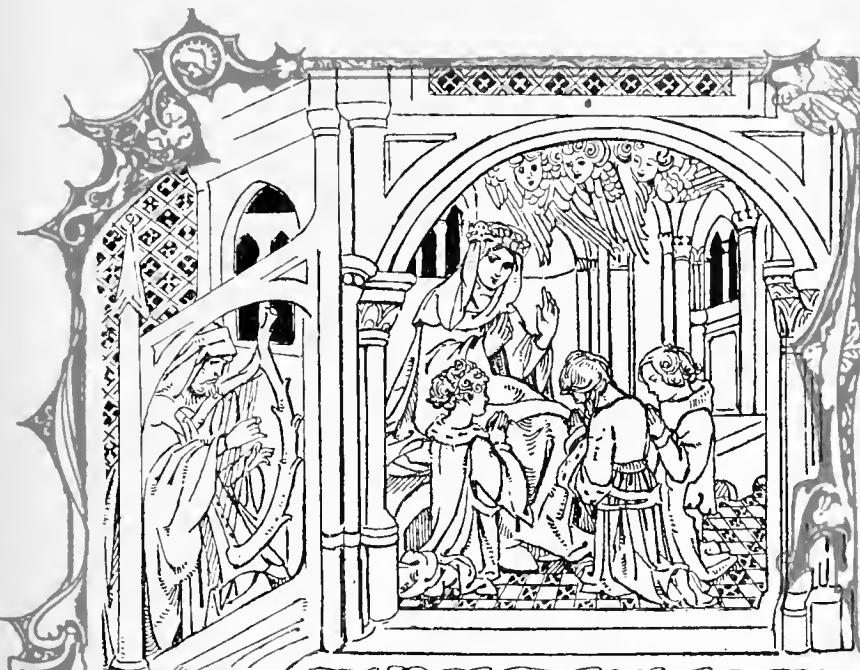


spoke so sweet and pleading. And he wist it was
the folly of the child.

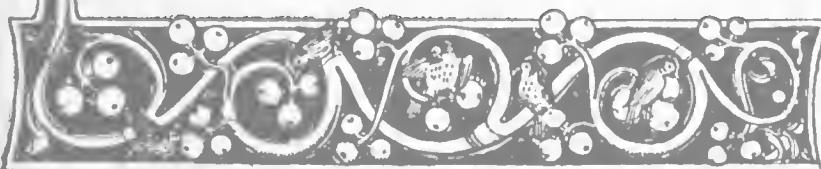
But when he came back, lo it was the Lady Linette,
the very same, dressed all in brown, with little brown
shoes on her feet.

Is it not, now, a merry tale—
Tell me true—
That I have told to you?
For when of stories good I fail
Then be the grasses blue
And the skies green as spring
And the sea red as wine;
Then let
The birds no longer sing;
And you forget
This tale of mine,
Linette.





Good-night, and Jesus keep us well
And God reward me when I tell
Sweet stories sounding to His praise;
Holy Spirit guard our days
And bring us safe at last to heaven
Where good reward to all is given.



THIS IS A STORY OF THE
MOONLIGHT

CLAIRDELUNE

HE SINGS

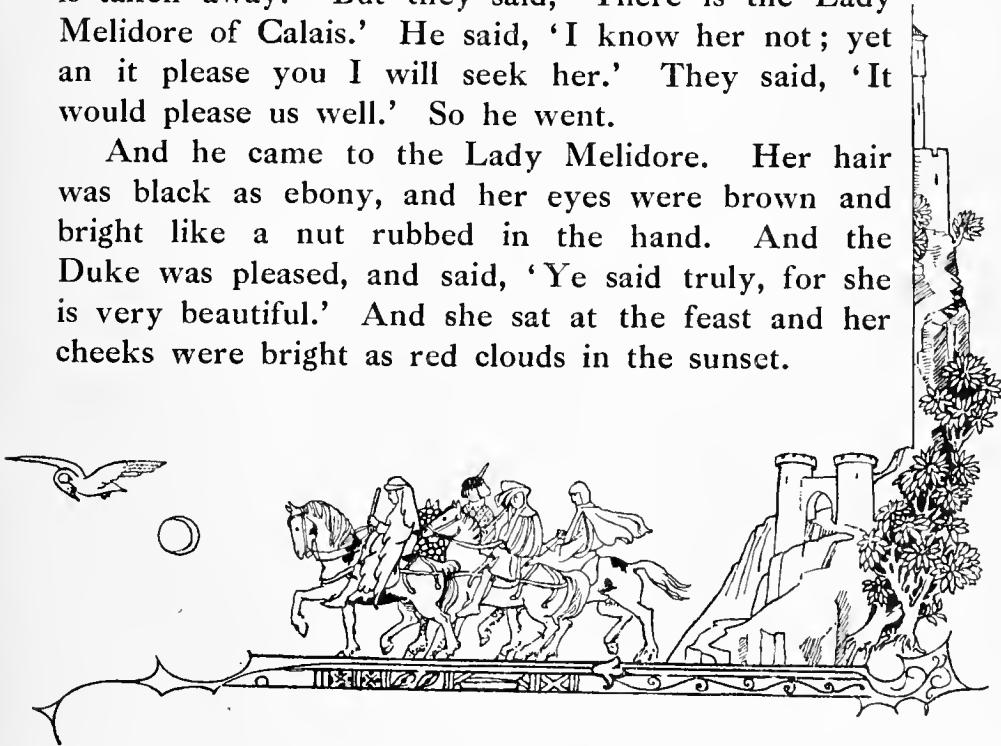
Listen, lordes, since ye bade
Tell a tale of maidenhead,
For true women be but few.—
Seldom fair and good I knew.
Yet listen well, nor rate nor rail
Since 'tis but a simple tale;
An it pass a winter's night
If it be true, it matters lite.
Listen then, 'tis ended soon,
The tale of Lady Clairdelune.



H E speaks, and tells the tale

Now the Duke of Picardy was a great man and a strong, and ruler over much land, and yet he was not married. Therefore his knights said, 'Sir, thou dost not well in keeping from women, for if there be none to follow after thee, what shall become of thy goods?' He said, 'I care not what shall become of them, so that I be dead and gone; yet would I indeed wed, an I knew a woman fair enough; for there be many women fair by the daylight, yet never knew I one who grew not pale when the sunlight is taken away.' But they said, 'There is the Lady Melidore of Calais.' He said, 'I know her not; yet an it please you I will seek her.' They said, 'It would please us well.' So he went.

And he came to the Lady Melidore. Her hair was black as ebony, and her eyes were brown and bright like a nut rubbed in the hand. And the Duke was pleased, and said, 'Ye said truly, for she is very beautiful.' And she sat at the feast and her cheeks were bright as red clouds in the sunset.



Clairdelune & Other

Yet when the feast was well nigh over, and they brought in the torches, she grew pale, for the fire took all the colour out of her cheeks. And the Duke said, 'Is it not as I told you, for now she is pale when the sunlight is gone.' Then they said, 'Yet is there the Lady Melusine.'

The Lady Melusine was in the fields with her ladies, and her hair was brown as the earth, and her eyes dark as a violet, and he said, 'Truly she is much fairer.' And they went into the feast. And it was a clear night, and when the feast was done he went out with the Lady Melusine into the garden, and they came into the moonlight, and he turned and looked at her, but she was pale even as though she were dead, for the moon had taken all the redness out of her face. And he said, 'It is even as I told you, for there was never a woman fair when the sunlight is taken away.'

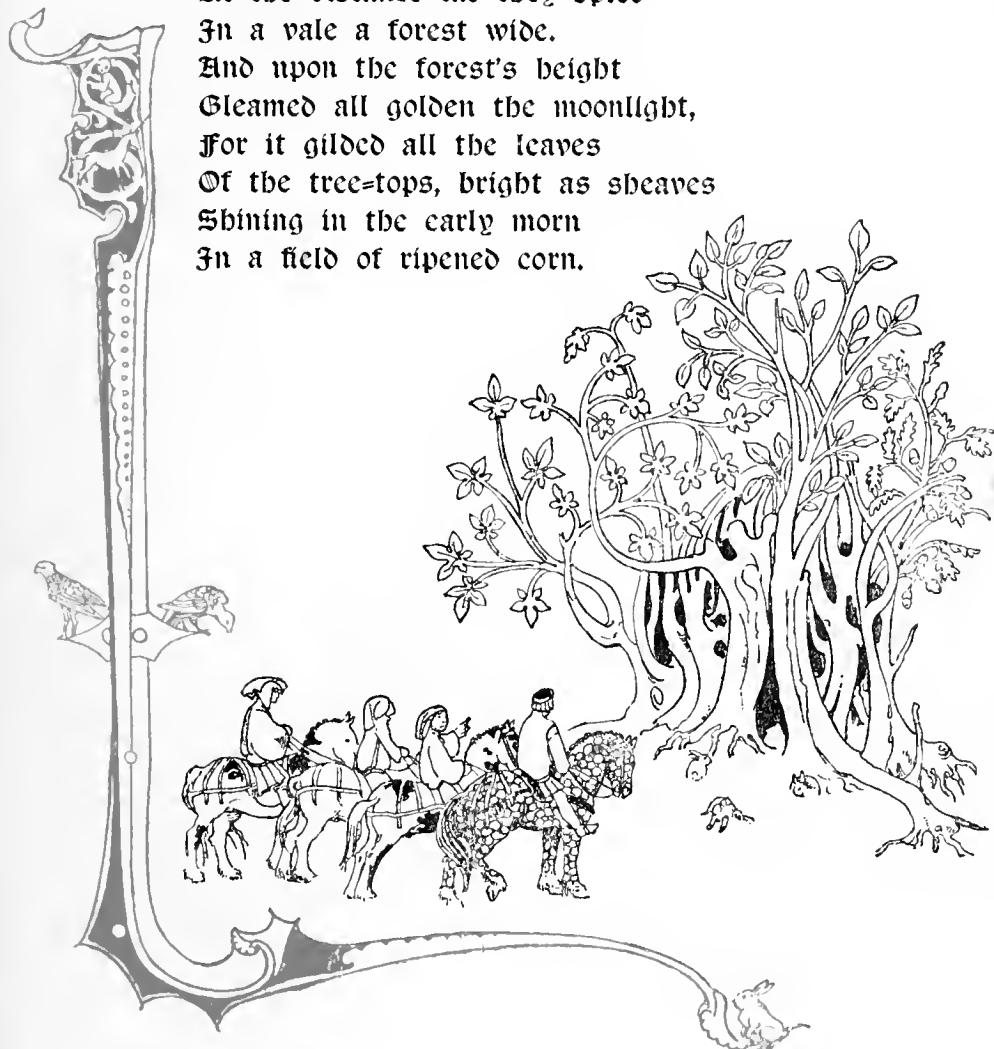
They said, 'Yet if we search further we shall surely find one.' He said, 'I will not; for it avails



Troubadour Romances

nothing to search, for there is none such.' And they began to go back.

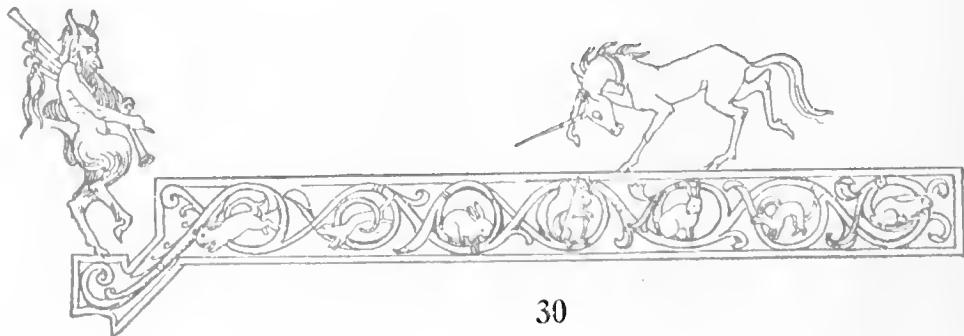
Yet so it was, the tale doth say,
As they travelled on their way
At the distance far they spied
In a vale a forest wide.
And upon the forest's height
Gleamed all golden the moonlight,
For it gilded all the leaves
Of the tree-tops, bright as sheaves
Shining in the early morn
In a field of ripened corn.



Clairdelune & Other

AND the Duke bade his knights wait outside the wood, and he went in alone. And as he walked he came upon some that seemed like women, dancing. But their faces were so bright that he could not look on them, and he shut his eyes. And he said, 'I know not what they are, they are so bright.' And as he turned one went from them and lay down at the foot of a tree; and he came to her and said, 'Lady, I prithee tell me who are these, for I think they are fairies.'

And she said, 'I know not, sir, if we are fairies, yet art thou a comely man. Tell me now who art thou, and how thou didst come hither.' And he said, 'I am the Duke of Picardy, and I have been seeking for one that I might wed; yet as I came back, having found none that pleased me, I lost my way, and so came hither.' And she said, 'Dost thou indeed seek one to wed thee?' And he said, 'Lady, and thou wouldest wed me, I should be glad indeed.' She said, 'Come back when the moon is on the wane.'





"Come back when the Moon is on the wane."



Troubadour Romances



hen the moon was on the wane
The Duke came to the wood again
With all his company; and soon
Loveliest Lady Clairdelune
Came to him and sweetly cried
'Sir Duke, come, make me now thy bride:
Yet two things I ask of thee,
Ere thy lady I will be—
Ere I mount into thy bed
Promise by thy trustibead,
By thy knighthood, by thy sword,
Pledge me true and faithful word:—
Ask not when I go from thee;
Seek not then to follow me.'

Then the Duke pledged her his word, and she went back with him. And when the full moon was come again, there was a feast, and dancing and singing, for it was mid-harvest. And when the feast was done the Duke and the Lady Clairdelune went to their chamber. And the Lady Clairdelune stood at the window, and while she stood there the Duke fell asleep, for he was very weary. And as he slept, the moon rose up high, and suddenly there came music. And she went to him and kissed him, and the music was louder and she kissed him again, and clung to him. And when he woke, she was gone.

When the full moon was past, she came to him again, and stayed till the next full moon, and then went in like manner as she had gone before.

Clairdelune & Other

And the knights said, ‘Surely this is no true wife that goes from him thus.’ But the Duke heard them and was very angry and said, ‘As I am Duke, if she goes from me again, I will find out who is her leman.’

And next time when it was yet many hours to daylight he feigned sleep. And when the day was almost come, he heard music, and she kissed him and said, ‘Sweet knight,’ and went out; and he followed her. And when she had come to the edge of the forest, he could not see her, but went on still. And as he entered in among the trees, she stood before him.

And she said, ‘Sir Duke, it is ruth that thou hast followed me.’



Troubadour Romances

For no more I'll
come to thee, thou shalt follow after me; When the moon's clear golden light
ances through the wood at night, Overhamlet, field and town,
Criss and cross and up and down, overhill and over plain, Round the world and
back again No more will I come to thee, But thou shalt fol-low
fol-low me fol-low fol-low fol-low me.

Clairdelune & Other

And when he looked up she was gone, and he went home and was very sad. And when the full moon was come again, the Duke sat at the feast in the hall, and he neither ate nor drank, and none spoke anything. And when it was late the moon shone in at the window; and suddenly there was music. And he said to his knights, ‘Hear ye the music?’ And they said, ‘Nay, there is nothing save that the moon shines brightly, and the wind is sounding.’ And he said, ‘Yet is there music, and I will follow it.’ And they said, ‘Sir Duke, it is fairy music that thou hearest, and God forbid that thou shouldst go after it.’ And he said, ‘Nay, but I must go, for it is Lady Clairdelune calls me.’

And he went out, and was never seen more.



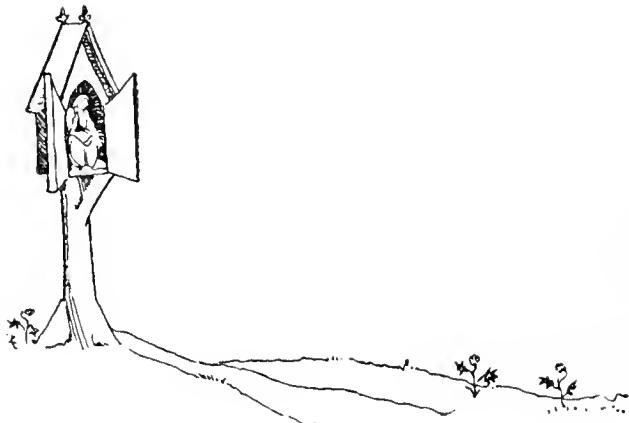
Troubadour Romances

So the tale is finished soon
Of the Lady Clairdelune
And the Duke of Picardy;
What it meaneth know not I.
Yet the meaning matters little
As it pass a winter's night.
Good night to all good ear who've given,
And Jesu bring us safe to heaven.

Slowly

A musical score for a single voice, featuring four staves of music in common time (indicated by 'C'). The key signature is F major (one sharp). The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below each staff. The first staff begins with 'Sweet Mo-ther Ma-ry mine, Guard-i-an of the'. The second staff begins with 'slee-py kine Dwel-ling in the meadow wide.'. The third staff begins with 'Pi-lot of the grass-top tide, Bid me tell this'. The fourth staff begins with 'tale for thee. That good and pleas-ing it may be.'

Sweet Mo-ther Ma-ry mine, Guard-i-an of the
slee-py kine Dwel-ling in the meadow wide.
Pi-lot of the grass-top tide, Bid me tell this
tale for thee. That good and pleas-ing it may be.

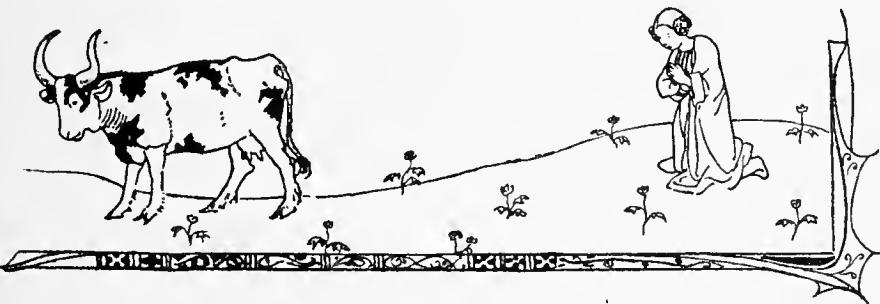


THIS IS BUT A LITTLE TALE

OUR LADY OF THE BUTTERCUPS

Sweet Mother Mary mine,
Guardian of the sleepy kine
Dwelling in the meadow wide,
Pilot of the grass-top lide.
Bid me tell this tale for thee,
That good and pleasing it may be.

GHERE was a little maiden that was called Marie, whose father was exceeding poor, for he had sold all that he had, part by part, now a pig and now a goat, until nothing was left him but one meadow and one cow. And he would not sell that, because the cow belonged to Marie, and the meadow belonged to the cow. In the corner of the field there was a figure of the Holy Mother; for Marie was named after her, to whom the cow and



Clairdelune & Other

the field belonged. And therefore the cow and the field belonged to the Holy Mother that dwelt in the corner.

And Marie came out into the field after breakfast: for she had had none save a little bread that they had bought for the butter they had made of the cow's milk—and they drank the whey.



SHE came to the cow and said, ‘Sweet cow, were it not for thy milk we should have no butter, and were it not for the butter we should have no bread. Dost thou not love butter, cow, with thy bread, for it is so dry and hard without? But there is none left over when the bread is bought.’

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But the cow ate grass ; and Marie plucked a buttercup and held it to the cow's chin ; but because the chin was yellow and hairy there was no light there, and she said, 'Nay, mistress cow, but thou dost not love butter. Mayhap that it is because they make it from thy milk. Yet perchance the Holy Mother loves butter and she will be sorry for me.'

And she said, 'Dost not now the Holy Mother love butter, for her chin is yellow as the moonlight ! May be some time we will give her some butter.'

And she made a chain of buttercups and put it about the Holy Mother's neck.

The churning was good that day, and there was butter left over, and she made it into a little ball as big as a thrush's egg, and set it in the Holy Mother's hand. But the sun melted it and it ran down and befouled the image.

Now the Holy Virgin saw as she passed by how her image was befouled, and she was very angry and she said, 'Who hath buttered my image, for this is an evil deed to make it so foul.' And she wiped it off and went on her way.

And the cow was sorry when she saw the Holy Virgin was angry, so she gave less milk, and there was no butter left over. But Marie kept back her part of butter, and took no bread for it, but ate daisy buds to stay her hunger (which are very good for that), and made the butter into a ball no bigger than a sparrow's egg and set it in the Holy Mother's hand.

Clairdelune & Other

Now the Holy Virgin passed that way, and she saw more butter in the hand of the image, and she said, ‘I will watch now and see who it is that sets butter in the hand of my image and besouls it so.’

And the cow was very afraid when she saw the Holy Virgin wait by the image, and she gave very little milk, so that there was scarcely enough butter to get half a loaf of bread. And Marie prayed her father, ‘Prithee, father, for this day, forego thy bread, so that I may give the Holy Mother butter.’

And she made the butter into a little ball and when it was evening she went to set it in the Holy Mother’s hand.

And when she came to the image she said, ‘Sweet Mary mother mine, make the cow give more milk, for these two days I have gone without bread that thou mightest have butter.’

And the Holy Virgin was pleased and she said, ‘Take it now, my image, and eat it, for I think she meant no ill in giving it thee, but rather to do me pleasure.’

And the image said, ‘Nay, but make it a buttercup to grow in my hand.’

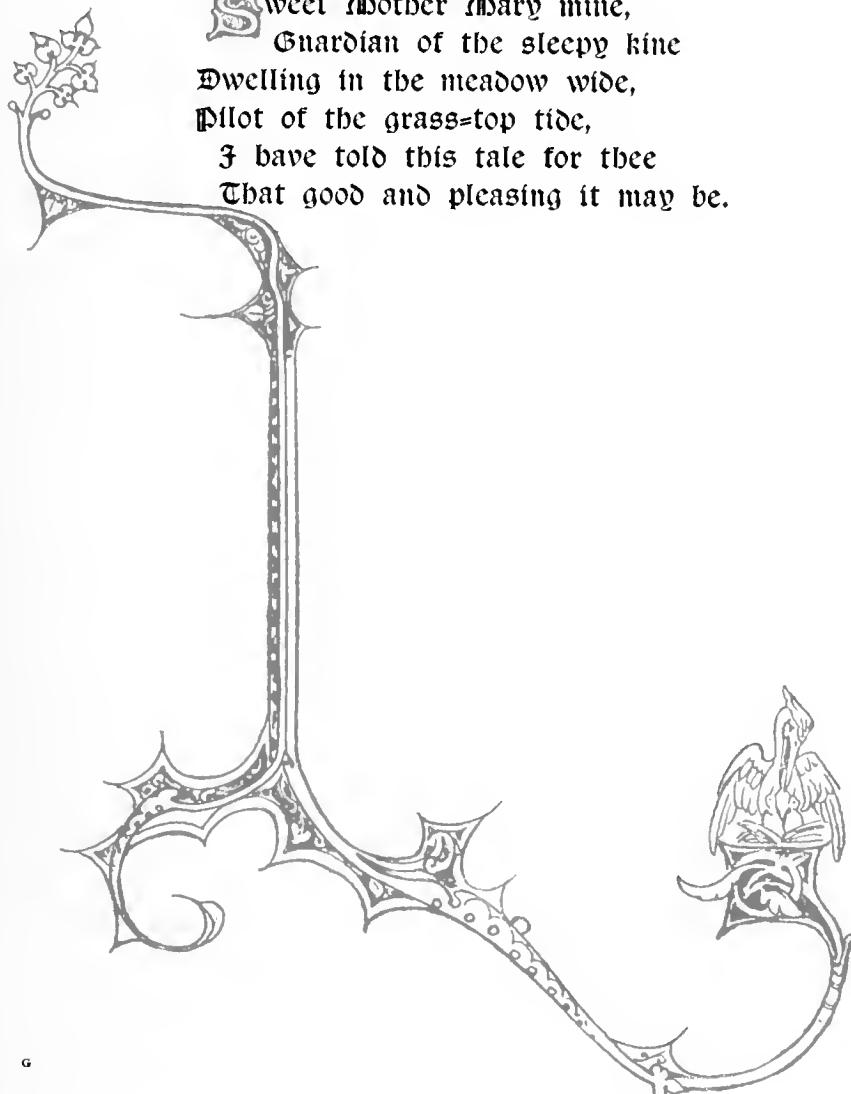
And the image reached down its hand and took the butter, and it became a very fair flower, bigger than any buttercup that ever was, and it was called a Marigold, because it was like gold and grew in the Holy Mother Mary’s hand.

And the cow gave much milk, and never was there

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so rich a field in all the world, and they got back
all the pigs and the goats that they had sold.

Sweet Mother Mary mine,
Guardian of the sleepy kine
Dwelling in the meadow wide,
Pilot of the grass-top tide,
I have told this tale for thee
That good and pleasing it may be.



Slowly and with sadness

Lis - ten yet a while to me While the bird is in the tree
While the wind is in the sedge, While the sun is on the sea
Ere it sink be - low the edge.

Morning fades to af - ternoon, Evening cometh all too soon;
Morning light, the book to spell, Afternoon our beads to tell,
Evening, and the compline bell, And after that God's will.

Oh, when the night-time comes to me, God guide me safely o'er the sea,
And let me meet my brother there, If so it be That he will care
watch me still In heaven where God shall fulfil Our ami - ty.

A small illustration of a kneeling figure, possibly a monk or pilgrim, is positioned at the bottom left, looking up at the music stand.

THIS IS LITTLE PETER'S STORY AND I LOVE IT VERY WELL

THE ROMANCE OF LITTLE PETER

HE SINGS

Listen yet a while to me
While the bird is in the tree
While the wind is in the sedge,
While the sun is on the sea.
Ere it sink below the edge,
Morning fades to afternoon,
Evening cometh all too soon;
Morning light, the book to spell,
Afternoon, our beads to tell,
Evening, and the compline bell,
And after that God's will.
Oh, when the night-time comes home,
God guide me safely o'er the sea,
And let me meet my brother there.

If so it be
That he will care
To watch me still
In heaven where
God shall fulfil
Our amity.

THIS IS THE STORY

Now there was a certain knight, Sir Maurice de Longueville, that was a bad knight, for he loved pleasure and women, and the wine cup, and feasting, and dancing, and staying up late "o' nights when a

Clairdelune & Other

whole year's profits of land were guttered away in candles on the walls. Aye, and more than that, for though he came not nigh churches for very fear, and moreover because he had respect unto the paintings therein, yet did he often make violent inroad on his neighbours' goods, and laughed as the pots and platters were brought out. Never did he harm to a picture, for that he was a skilful limner and oft-times in the evening he drew pictures of horses and of hunting with the cinders on the floor for the delighting of those that were with him.

And on a night as he sat musing alone in his closet the Holy Mother moved his heart that he should see how wicked he had been, for she loved him because that he was always laughing. And he was very sore stricken when he saw all the host of evil crimes that lay against him, and nothing could he plead in contrary, for he had done them every one. And at first he made a chuckle, and said, ‘Ho, Maurice, wilt thou be a prey to dull musings and sit in a cell like an eremite?’ But it availed nothing, praying nor repentance, for he said, ‘Out upon it, I am damned already, and what boots it to live ever in the fear of hell, and in kneeling on the hard stone when prayers avail not, and are but floating straws to bear my vain hopes upward, and me down into the gulf? Rather let me die at once and go straight to hell, than live ever in the fear of it. For even the fire itself cannot be worse than the apprehension of it.’

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ND he said, ‘Moreover, who shall turn me from my wickedness? For I love no woman truly, neither have I a wife to plead with me. To-morrow will come, and the wine cup with it, and I shall be merry and laugh, and God knows what further store I shall lay up for myself ere I have done.’

And as he sat, the dawn came through the lattice-work of the window, pale as it were a messenger that brought no hope; and he rose up and he said, ‘I will go out, for I will die in the open, where my soul may breathe a draught of pure air before it pants in the sulphur. Oh, woe is me, not that I was gay, but that I knew not wisdom.’

And he went out and came to a hill and he looked down the cliff into the valley, and he said, ‘Nay, not thus, but by the warm steel should a knight perish.’ And he went back from the edge and looked up at the sky, and it was midway to daylight.

And he drew his knife, and put his thumb on the edge, and he said, ‘I had rather there were some one to thrust it in for me, for ’tis a mean thing to die by one’s own hand; would that Sir Antony whom I vanquished last Michaelmas were here—and pillaged his house also, so that whereas once he had all gold dishes in his house, now doth he eat from a wooden platter. He would not demur to thrust it for me.’

Then he waited a while, but none came. And he said, ‘It must be the cliff,’ and he went to the edge

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and looked over, and it was nearly morning. Lo, he heard the rattling of little stones. The sun broke through, pale and watery. It was a little page in yellow silk that came climbing up the cliff, as though he never cared a whit where he went, and ever and anon he stayed as though he wept.

And Sir Maurice said, ‘In truth here is a sorry little baggage that comes up the cliff as though he cared not if he were to fall down. Yet God wot he shall have company at the bottom.’ And he said, ‘Pray God that he fall not down for he is a fair page, albeit his face is all stained with tears like a flower beaten by the rain—and yet who knows it may blossom again.’ And he said, ‘Let me not frighten the boy. I will go aside and wait no longer but this my knife shall do it for me.’

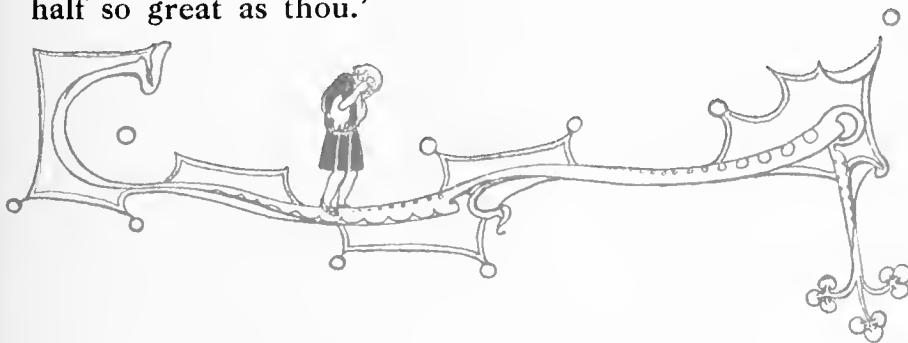
And there was a crying from below the edge of the cliff. And he said, ‘How now, say not that he is fallen! Pray God it be not so.’ And he looked over, and the page was on a ledge so that he could not mount up neither go back. And he said, ‘Wait a while,’ and he let himself over the edge. Oft-times he stumbled, for he was weary with watching all night, and often he well-nigh fell headlong down to the bottom; yet at the last came he all dizzy with climbing to the little page, and took him up, and bore him to the top and said, ‘Ho, little one, dost thou climb so early when the rain is yet on the stones? Why art thou not with thy mistress helping her to adorn herself for her lovers?’

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And he said, ‘Alas, I have no mistress.’ And he said, ‘How?’ The page said, ‘Alas, Sir, I have been wicked so that she will never forgive me, nor take me back, for I have been an evil page, for I loved cherry pit more than my lady’s service. And this morn when I came late to attend her she found my pocket full of cherry stones and bade me begone and never see her more.’ And he burst out a-crying as though his heart would break in twain.

And Sir Maurice said, ‘O little one, what is thy fault to mine? For I have loved playing more than My Lady’s service. Come now, minnikin, serve me, and mayhap I shall win thy lady’s love for thee again; yet My Lady will never look on me.’

And he said, ‘Sir, I am called Ubert, but the ladies call me Little Peter because of a certain monkey that was dead.’ And he said, ‘Come then, Little Peter, wilt ’ou serve me?’ And he said, ‘Oh, Sir, how should I long to, for thou art big and strong. I never saw one so mighty, unless it were the groom that brings out my lady’s horse. Yet is he not one half so great as thou.’





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And they went home, and Sir Maurice loved the page. He knew not how much he loved him.

For he was dear
As a little dew to a full blown flower
As a little drop on its yellow pin,
As a little sun in a rainy hour,
As a little love in a life of sin,
As a little blue in a clouded sky,
As a little pool in a dreary dell,
As a little laughter in misery,
As a little panse in the pangs of hell—
I cannot tell how dear.

Never was he merry but when the little page was near, for he would not have sad looks before the page. And because he loved him so he mended himself of his evil ways. And he played with him at cherry pit, and they laughed together as though they had both been children. And he that won the game should eat the residue of the cherries. So it was that my lord was always unlucky at cherry pit.

Men said, ‘God bless the little page for the good that he hath wrought in our master.’ For now Sir Maurice lived even as the best knight that hath ever been, for though he was as brave as the Knight of the Swanne himself, and as mighty in arm as Sir Otuel the Saracen that fought with Sir Roland when that Charlemagne was in the Holy Country laying siege to Jerusalem, yet was he as courteous, and kind, and

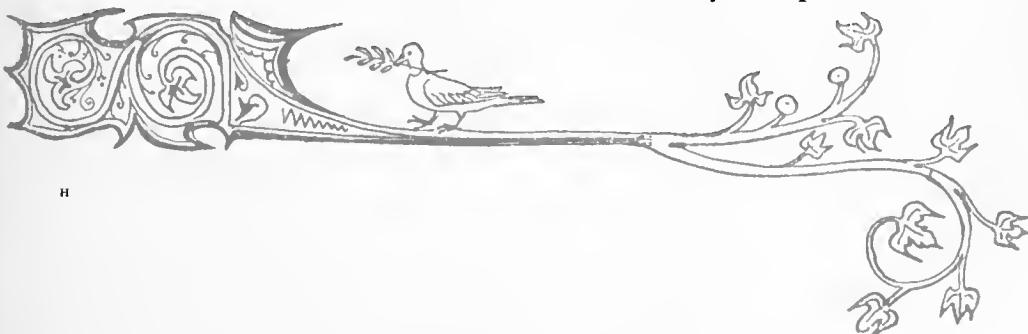
Troubadour Romances

gentle, and loving as any Christian saint, nor never made airs to the ladies, nor drank overmuch wine, nor hunted widely so as to do injury to his horse, nor did ought of villany, and all for the little page because he loved him so.

And this continued for the space of about two years, until at the last there came certain knights to the castle that had been friends of Sir Maurice at first, and he gave them entertainment. And they drank wine and laughed loud. But Sir Maurice sat ever sober and gentle, joining in their jests, yet never making aught of ribaldry. And as the hour waxed late, and the little page's head drooped down with waiting, he bade him go seek his bed, for he said, 'Why shouldst thou stand lingering here, and rise up to-morrow with black rings about thine eyes? Get thee to thy couch and dream of fairies.'

And the little page went out. Then the comrades taunted Sir Maurice because he joined not with them. And Sir Maurice was ashamed and he said, 'May-be the little page is asleep and will not hear if I crack a jape or twain.' And he filled up his cup. And the night went on. And he was merry.

And when the night was very late and they went to their couches, Sir Maurice went softly a-tiltoge



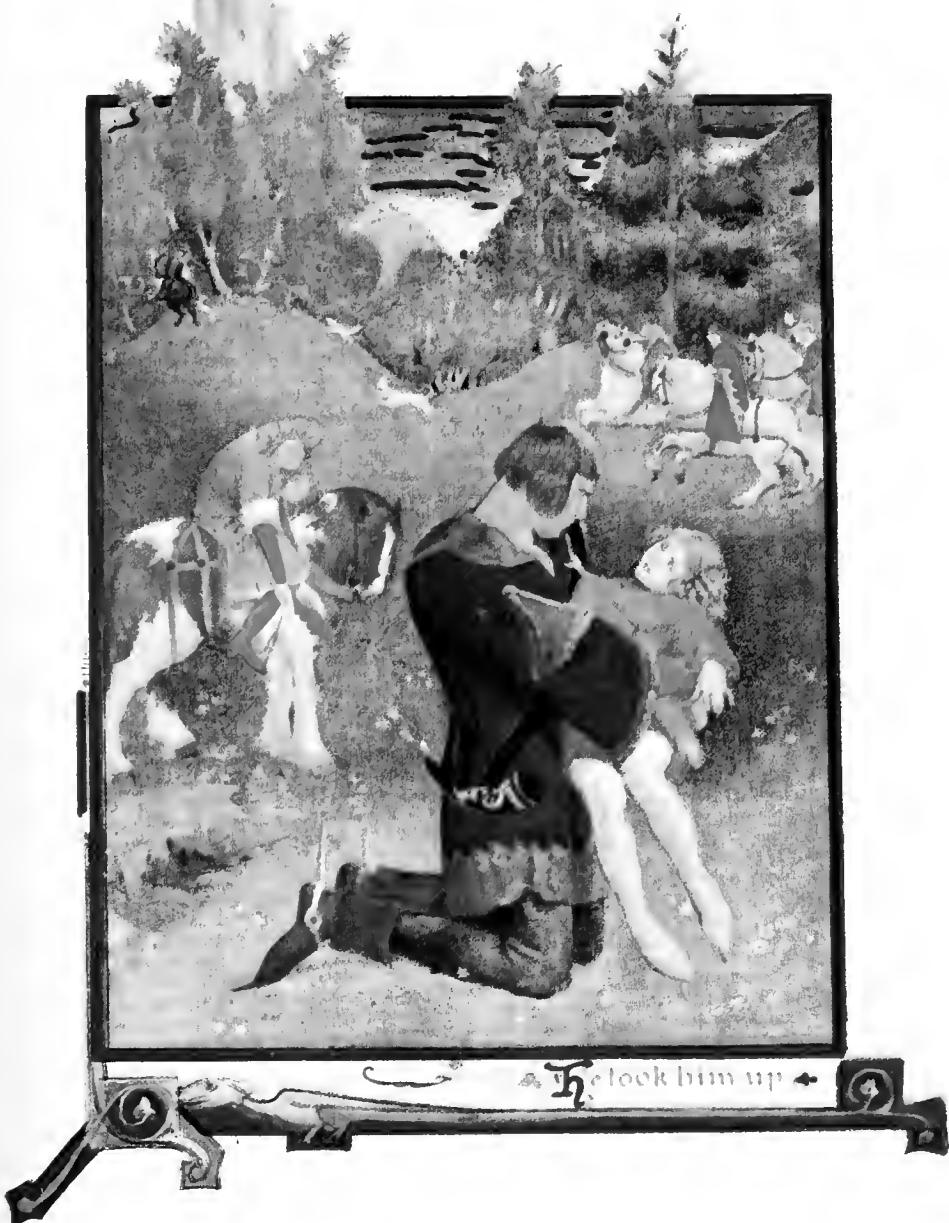
Clairdelune & Other

across the floor (after that he had first brought the others to their chambers) fearing lest he should wake the little one ; and he bowed down with his candle and looked to see if he were sound asleep ; and lo he lay all a-shivering with his face in his pillow a-weeping sore so that his little white shoulders were all knotted with the sobbing.

And Sir Maurice said, ‘Alas, I have done this,’ and he put out the light and lay on his bed. And day came while he was thinking. And when it came he ’gan blush that he should be such a chicken-liver as not to give his friends entertainment because of a boy. And he said, ‘We will go hunt, and mayhap we shall meet some pretty wench by the way and that will glad them greatly, for they have had poor cheer at my hands. For the boy is yet asleep, so that I may steal out.’

And he went out and found the others a-waking and bade bring a good bowl of ale to drive the humours of the feast away, and they mounted their horses and rode off as though they had all been wode and frenzied, with the flints flying behind





He took him up



Troubadour Romances

them. And as they rode the fumes of the wine went up into their brains, and they shouted and sang, and shot arrows this way and that at trees and stocks and stones.

And Sir Maurice cried, ‘Ho, halt! for here comes a prey. Down, down, and we will take him. An ambuscader. Hist! Yet a while and we shall shoot this little yellow tiger. Still, Still—a dragon!’ And he fitted an arrow to his bow, and he cried, ‘Ha, now let fly,’ and he shot out. And there was a little cry. And he put his hand to his brow, and he said, ‘Me-thinks a sickness hath taken me, I prithee leave me.’

And he went forward and he took him up and he said, ‘Little Peter! ’

But he was dead and limp as a little bird.

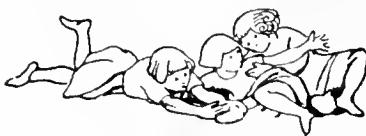
And they were afraid, and took their horses and rode away quickly, and he stood knowing nothing. And he 'gan climb down the cliff and went out over the plain.

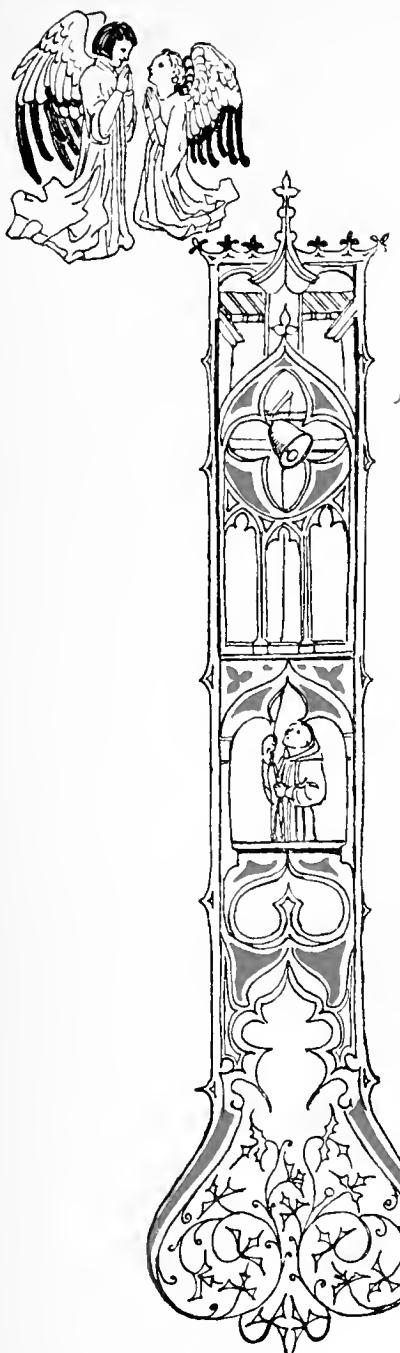
It was early morning and he came to an abbotry and knocked at the door. And the Abbot came to him and said, ‘What wouldest thou?’ He said, ‘Hush. Come with me and bless the place.’ And they went. And they came back and Sir Maurice went to a cell and lay there. And they said, ‘Let him not lie thus lest he go mad.’ And they gave him paper. And he said, ‘It is too small.’ And they gave him a great board and colours and charcoal, and he took them in his hand.

AND so it was that the days went out, day after day, and the picture grew at his hand, and never a word he spake, and ever the picture grew; first it was a dark plain, and then above it a sky, and in the sky an angel, and on the plain a man. And in the sky it was the little page, with his hands laid together in front of him.

And the year went out, and the feathers on the angel's wings were finished, but his hand trembled at the paint box, and he said, 'It is not done, the pilgrim below is not done.' And they bore him to his cell, and he lay praying, and they set the picture before him and he stretched out his hands to it, and he fell asleep.

It was evening, and there was a great light in the cell, so that the monks wondered as they passed to vespers. And anon the light went out, and the dawn was nigh. And the Abbot entered into the cell, and the picture was at the wall and Sir Maurice was on the bed, and he said, 'Didst thou see it? It was an angel; and it hath marred my picture.' And the Abbot said, 'Nay, but behold.' And lo! there was no pilgrim, but two angels in the sky, and below on the plain it was sunlight. And above in the sky light brighter than any day.





And the Abbot said

Requiescat
Let him lie
In peace
For those that die
Do cease
From toil and pain.
For morning dawns upon
the plain
And sunlight in the sky.
And brightness cometh
after rain,
And rest from misery.
The tale is done. Therefore God bless us all that
are here, and hold us safe
in his keeping, and bring
us to heaven. Amen.

P'tite Ce-ri-se with thy coat of green, thou know'st full many a tale 'ween P'

tite Cerise with thy heart of stone, wilt thou not tell me a single one?

Treble voice

Con spirito

"When sum-mer is come & the sun shines bright, the dew is hot in the leaves at night.
When my

Presto

belly is warm and my coat is red, then I will tell you a story," he said;

Chorus.

Then summer put on her flowery gown & the fruit grew ripe & the boughs bent down,
and

Rit.

this is the story that P'tite Cerise told to me under the cherry trees.



HIS IS ABOUT THE CHERRIES

CHERRIES

Petite Cerise with thy coat of green,
Thau know'st full many a tale I ween.
Petite Cerise with thy heart of stone,
Will thou not tell me a single one?

"When Summer is come and the sun shines bright,
And the dew is hot in the leaves at night.
When my belly is warm and my coat is red,
Then I will tell you a story," he said;
Then Summer put on her flowery gown
And the fruit grew ripe and the boughs bent down;
And this is the story that Petite Cerise
Told to me under the cherry trees.

THIS IS THE STORY

Now there was once a certain knight named Sir Robert Malfortune because that he was always unlucky; for never a stone fell from a wall but he was always there to catch it on his head; and so it was always, even from Squiredom till Knighthood, never a happy chance fell in his way, but always unluckiness and ill-fortune. And yet ever the unluckier he was, the

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merrier he became, and never lacked a jest at each evil case, whatsoever befell.

Yet once was he fortunate, and that was when he married the Lady Felice, who was the fairest woman that ever you saw ; yet even so was he unlucky for though they prayed and offered candles in the Church and also at Rome, not a child came to bless them ; and that was the more pity because that if he had no son to succeed him, then would all the land that he possessed go to his cousin, Sir Malherbe, who was a harsh man, and as wicked as the Sultan or as Satan himself.

And at last Sir Robert made a vow, that if God would give him a child, he would serve his cause in Palestine so long as he might bear arms.

Therefore he embraced his wife, and put on his armour and went his way. Yet had he not been over a month on the field ere a poisoned arrow struck him in the shoulder, so that he could not wield a sword, and he was forced to return home.

And when he came home, his wife was brought to bed of a child : and the poison in his shoulder hurt him sore, so that together with the expectation of the heir to his estate, he fell into a fever, and drew very nigh to death : and when he was almost at death's door, there came a message to him saying, ‘Thy wife is delivered of a child.’ And he said, ‘Is it a son?’ and because the messenger said nought he knew it was not a son but a girl child ; and he said, ‘Now am

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I ready to die, since it is God's will that it should be so. I have never been of good fortune, yet mayhap it will not be counted against me, for God sends our evil chances as well as our good, and it is no sin to be unfortunate.'

ND ere a few days were passed he called his wife to him, and bade her farewell, and said, 'Sweet wife, I have nought to give thee in parting, save one thing.' And he told her to open the chest that stood at his feet, 'and there thou wilt find a little sprig of cherry, that I gathered when I was in Palestine. For when our Christ was a-thirsty and found no figs on the barren tree, He passed on and came to a cherry tree, and because He was thirsty and the fruit was good, He blessed the tree, so that there is none like it in all the world; and that is the same tree that stood in the Blessed Mother's garden, whose boughs bent down to her of themselves, when St. Joseph was ill-humoured and would not reach up to pluck for her; and of that same tree I plucked a sprig as I rode on my way to the ship homeward.'

And before many years the Lady Felice died also, and gave the sprig to her daughter, whom she named Cerise, because of it.

And Cerise planted it in the garden of the cottage where she dwelt and watered it both day and night so that it grew into a very fair tree, and bore the biggest, reddest cherries that ever you saw.

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AND the Lady Cerise took a ladder and climbed up, and gathered a basket of cherries, and when it was full she came down, and set the basket by her, and fell asleep at the foot of the ladder.

And as she was asleep her cousin, that wicked Sir Malherbe, looked over the wall, and saw the cherries, how ripe and big they were, and came over the wall and took them away. So when she woke up they were all gone. ‘Yet,’ said she, ‘I will not grumble nor grutch, for mayhap some wayfarer passed, and was weary, and took them, and so went on his journey the merrier because of the cherries.’

And Sir Malherbe took the cherries to the Duke, because he sought to win favour with him. For Sir Malherbe had a daughter named Honteuse, the sourest-tempered wench that ever threw a pan at a scullion, and he thought by winning the favour of the Duke to find her some rich suitor, yea even the Duke himself in marriage, so that he might get more lands, and make his coffers the fuller of money.

And the Duke was very pleased because of the cherries, for never were there cherries like to them. For whoever tasted of them, never had he rest, but was always longing for more. And so it was with the Duke.

But it came to pass that the Blessed Mother saw how Sir Malherbe stole the cherries from the tree that belonged to the Lady Cerise, which her father





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had given her, and she set a guard of angels about it, so that when he sought to get more cherries he could not come nigh the tree.

And meanwhile the Duke languished for longing of the cherries ; and ever he asked Sir Malherbe to bring him some, and ever Sir Malherbe made excuse, until he was forced at last to fly the Court altogether. And at last the Duke's longing became so great that he could scarce sleep for thinking of the cherries, so that he made a proclamation in this wise, that whatsoever lady would bring him cherries such as would satisfy his longing, he would make her his wife.

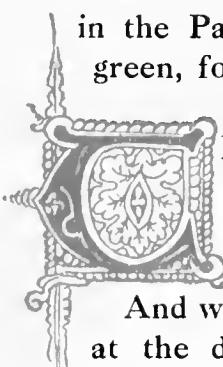
And many ladies came, each bringing the fairest cherries that ever she knew of and took them to the Court, hoping to wed the Duke and become the Lady of the Realm.

And as Cerise sat in her garden she saw the equipages passing along the road, and she asked what was all this company, and they told her it was for the wedding of the Duke.

And she was very sad, for she said, ‘I would fain have seen the wedding, for many fine ladies would have been there, and music, and I know not what of finery.’ And as she pondered there came a thought into her mind, and she said, ‘Maybe if I brought the Duke some of my cherries, he would suffer me to stand in the court as the procession goes by, for in truth I think they are very fine cherries ; I never saw such fine cherries, though may be that is because I

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know no other cherries but mine and those that stand
in the Pastor's garden—and they be very small and
green, for he always forgets to water them.



HEREFORE she filled her basket with cherries and covered it with a kerchief to keep the dust from their red coats, and set out for the palace of the Duke.

And when she came there, there was a great porter at the door who would not give her admittance.

And as she spoke with him the kerchief slipped off the top of the basket and he saw the cherries, and he saw how fat and glistening they were, and he said, 'Give me some of your cherries and I will let you in.' And she said, 'Then let it be few and those round the edge, which be meanest for I brought them for the Duke.' And he took the basket in his hand, and in a while he came back and led her in.

And the Duke had now tasted of all the cherries that were there, and none satisfied aught of his longing.

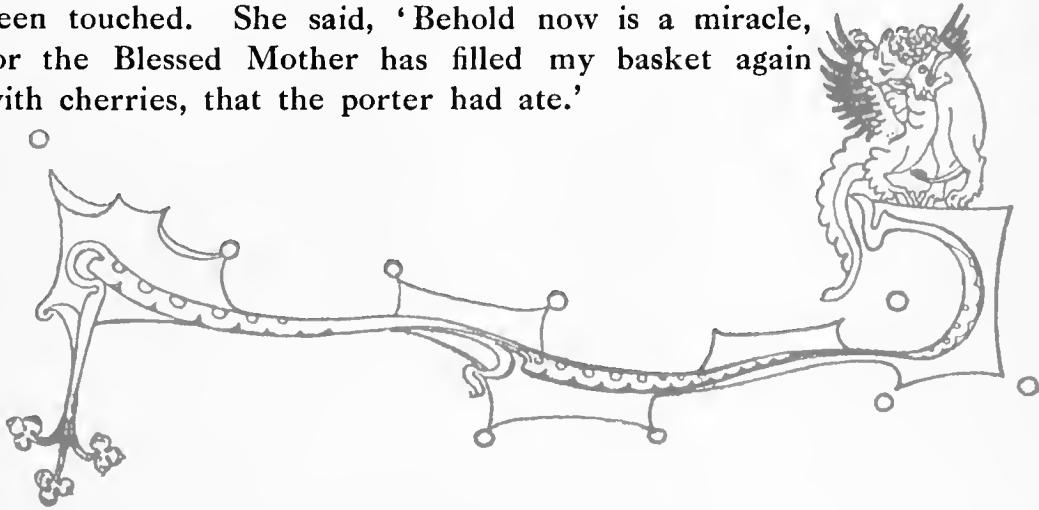
And as he was about to go away very sick at heart (because none gave ease unto his yearning) there came in the porter, and said, 'Lo, here is a certain damsels that would speak with thee.' And he went out and Cerise stood before the Duke. And he said, 'What wouldst thou, damsels?' And she said, 'Sir Duke, they told me yonder that this day thou wast to be wedded, and it came into my mind that may be

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thou wouldest let me stand in the court to see thee pass by, so that I might behold the finery and the priests and the incense, and the fair ladies, for there be few that pass along the road by my cherry tree—and most of those be pilgrims. And I have brought thee a basket of cherries, if it so please thee.'

And as the Duke looked on her he thought that he had never seen a fairer damsels, nor softer cheeks, nor redder lips than hers. And he said, 'Show me now thy cherries, little one, for methinks no cherries could be sweeter than thy own fair lips.' And she opened her basket and, lo, they were all stones and stalks, for the porter had eaten them every one. And he said, 'Did I not tell thee so? Come, let me taste of thy lips, and that will be a recompense.' And it was so with her lips as it had been with the cherries, that once he had tasted he could never cease longing.

And lo, as she looked down at her basket, it was full of ripe cherries again, as though they had never been touched. She said, 'Behold now is a miracle, for the Blessed Mother has filled my basket again with cherries, that the porter had ate.'



AND the Duke said, ‘Then have I a double treasure, and both always, so that thou wilt be my wife and Lady of the Realm.’

And so she was his wife, and lived happily, and had many children, and never a day of sorrow, until at last she went to heaven where is no weeping but always sunshine, and fair flowers, and fruit trees growing by the river, whence the angels ever bear full baskets unto the throne of God. Whither our Lord Jesus grant that we may all come at last.

And this is the story that
Petite Cerise
Told to me under the
cherry trees.



THIS IS A STORY OF FRIENDSHIP

SIR HUGH

He SINGS

Since you bade me make you gay
 With tales of knights upon their way,
 Tales of noble chivalry.
 Love, and fight, and faëry,
 Shall I tell a tale to you
 Of a friendship leal and true?
 How two loved as brothers dear
 All the time that they were here.
 In this world of weary woe
 (Since that God would have it so)
 For Friendship is the only thing
 That cheers an old man's heart to sing;
 Thought of friends of yesterday
 Can make any mortal gay;
 Then bring
 More wine, and let's away.



He TELLS THE TALE

There was a certain knight called Sir Degruel, who had two squires, Sir Philip and Sir Hugh. And Sir Philip was squire of the bed-chamber and Sir Hugh was squire of the table, and carved before his master at supper. And he was a very lusty squire, and loved jousting at the stump, and playing with the sapling, and laughed greatly when it came back and smote him ; and moreover he was very winsome to

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the ladies, for his cloak was ever of the richest stuff, and the feather in his cap as long as his scabbard. And he loved Sir Philip exceedingly, and Sir Philip loved him, so that they would never be parted.

And when the time came that they should be dubbed knights they were very sad, for they knew that it would not be long ere they should go different ways and mayhap never see each other more.

And they kept vigil together over their arms on the same night in the chapel. And neither said aught, but prayed that he might be a good knight and true, and serve the ladies and his lord honourably and well, and never speak aught roughly, and be continent, and not consort with low people, but be honest, and staid, and chaste, by Jesus Christ their Lord, and that He would help them and their arms.

And when it was almost morning and the light in the windows was faint and grey, Sir Hugh turned to Sir Philip and said, ‘Dear coz, it is ruth that we must part.’ And he said, ‘It is ruth indeed.’ And Sir Hugh set his hand in his and said, ‘Swear now that thou wilt meet me in five years at the oak-tree beyond the park, where the roads meet.’ And he said, ‘I will be there.’ And Sir Hugh said, ‘An I be alive I will meet thee there; and if I be not there, know that thou hast a friend in heaven.’ And he said, ‘If that be so, then let Jesus take me there also that I may meet thee there.’ And when it was morning they went out and were knights.

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And Sir Philip went to wars
In Palestine to serve God's cause;
And he came back thence and stayed
In his castle with the maid
Lady Florice, sister true,
And betrothed to Sir Hugh.
And the years went on their ways
Slipping into yesterdays,
Yuletide come and yuletide gone,
Swift and slow the time moved on,
Till the day was nigh that he
Should meet Sir Hugh beneath the tree.

And Sir Philip bade farewell to his sister Lady Florice, and put on his armour and took his shield, and mounted his horse, Rincelot, and went forth. And he came to the tree, and it was early morning and there was none there. And he waited till mid-day and none came. And when it was evening he was sad, and went home. And he said, 'Yet he is not dead, else am I left lonely, and Lady Florice, what shall become of her?' And he prayed that he might be told whether he was alive, and St. Joseph came to him and said, 'Sir Hugh is alive, but I may not tell thee more than that.'

And the next year he went, and waited till evening, and when evening came he said, 'Perchance last year he came in the night time, and, finding none there, passed on his way.' And he waited till it was midnight, and none came. And he went home, and St. Joseph said, 'Nay, he is not dead.'

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And yet the third year he went, and waited all day, and till evening, and till midnight, and at midnight he said, ‘Perchance he came in the turning of the night, and I was not there, and he passed by.’ And so he set down his arms and kept watch over them. And when the light in the sky was faint and grey he heard one come behind him, and he prayed, ‘Oh God, grant that it be Sir Hugh, for I am yearning for his face.’ And he durst not turn lest it should not be he. And he prayed, ‘Grant that it be Sir Hugh, for his eyes are life to me, and I long for the warmth of his hand; and I am yearning for him.’ And yet he durst not turn. And he said aloud, ‘O grant that it be Sir Hugh.’ And he waited, and he heard the other come near, and felt him gaze upon him, and after a while he heard him turn as to go away, and he leapt up, and cried, ‘Oh friend——’ But it was a beggar, and he sank down, and he said, ‘He is dead; Sir Hugh is dead.’

And at last the beggar came near and said, ‘Sir, dost thou seek for Sir Hugh?’ And he said, ‘What dost thou know of him? Is he dead?’ And he said, ‘Not dead, but thou wilt never find him, and God forbid that thou shouldst find him.’

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Then Sir Philip took his shield
And his bright brand, great to wield
Set his casque upon his head
Lifted up his hand and said:
'By St. Joseph, ere I die
Under earth or sea or sky
I will find my comrade true,
Who with me to knighthood grew.
Bid Florice no more attend
My coming; I will seek my friend
Sir Hugh
To the world's end.'



And he came to the king of the realm, and asked him if he had known of a knight, Sir Hugh, at his court, the fairest knight that he ever saw, bearing a tigre d'or couchant in a field of green. And he said,

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‘Nay, but mayhap he has been to the court of the Duke Francis.’ And he came to the Duke Francis, and he knew not of him; and he went to all the other dukes, and they knew not. And he came to the marquises, and the knights of the shires, and they knew not. And as he rode in at the court of Sir Malvivant, it was so that they held great revel then —yet was it not an high day. And he came to the knight and inquired of him of Sir Hugh. And he laughed loud, and he said, ‘I had rather asked of thee where he is; for a long time he was here, and never a braver knight or freer with his purse; but it is a long time since he went from us.’ And all the ladies laughed when they heard the name, and were merry to each other. And he would not stay, but went forth quickly.

And it was so that at last he chanced to eome near again to the castle of Sir Degruel (unto whom he had been squire), and as he went on his way the day was exceeding hot, so that the iron of his spear grew too hot for the hand and his horse was very weary. And he came to a town, and there bade give his horse water and rest, and bring him also a cup of wine; and when the wine was brought, he asked whether they had ever seen a knight, namely Sir Hugh, pass their way. And they laughed, and called to each other, ‘Behold, here is one who doth not know Sir Hugh, for he was a merry knight, and paid more into this town than all the rest pay out in a year.’ ‘Yet

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there were many,' quoth another, 'that are as fain as thou art to see his face, for when he went he paid but little; such doings may not last for ever.'

AND in the next town they knew him not at all, save one; and he said that he knew not whether it was Sir Hugh, but there was one poorly clad of the name of Hugh that came that way, yet he trowed that he was no true knight, for he had neither horse nor armour. And Sir Philip said, 'Yet did he bide with thee?' The other said, 'Yea, and at the year's end he did say that he had matter of great import to go on. Yet when the morning came, he said he thought otherwise, and that he would not go; and he spoke little that day. And it was so on the next year, and after that he was constrained to go, for he had no money, and I am but a poor man, and I know not whither he went.'

And so the knight turned home at last;
Yet as his castle gate he passed
Lo, the same beggar standing there
With soiled weeds and tangled hair
As he had seen since years full three,
That came to him beneath the tree.
And he said, 'Sir Beggar, well
Of my sorrow didst thou tell;
It is grief unto my mind
That my friend I cannot find,
For men told me certainly
That he had sore need of me.'



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And the beggar said, 'Good Sir Knight, is it indeed so that thou wouldest see his face again?' And he said, 'Yea, an I might I would give all that I have in the world.' And he said, 'Yet was he an evil knight.' And he said, 'Then had he the more need of me if he were in evil case: for a friend is but little if he be friend only in good success, and nothing in adversity.' And the beggar said, 'If thou wilt give me arms and a good horse, within three years I will find thy Sir Hugh for thee, so that thou pledge me thy word none watch me as I go forth, nor none come to help me with mine armour.' And he said, 'If thou canst bring him back, I will do as thou sayest.' And he gave him arms.

Hnd the years went on their ways
Slipping into yesterdays,
Yuletide come and Yuletide gone,
Swift and slow the time moved on.
And so it was that on a time
Came the ruler of that clime
Passing by that way, and sent
Asking entertainement.
Then Sir Philip in his house
Held great banquet and carouse,
Dance and jest and high jousting
In the honour of the King.

And as the King sat in the chamber after the feast was done, he said unto Sir Philip, 'Sir Knight, thou hast a fair sister indeed, and it is a pity that there is

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no man that doth wed her. For now the time draws on apace, and what is a maid when she is old and hath no husband?' And he said, 'Sir, an she were lief to wed, I would make no demur. Yea, in truth, she had one that she would fain have wedded, but he is gone these many years.' And the King said, 'Make no delay, but bid hold joust for her, for the dead are dead and gone, and if they be not dead, then will they come and claim her.' And he could not go against the will of the King.



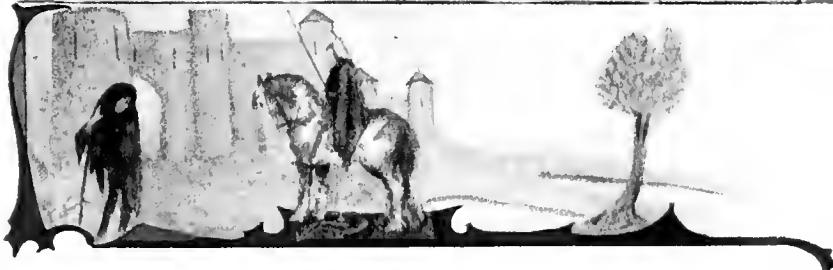
O many knights came, and many were overthrown, and yet as many were conquerors, till at the last there were but twelve knights left. And on the last day of the tourney these twelve should darrain who should have the lady to wife. And when the morning came the lists were decked as bright as hedge-rows in the month of May, and every knight was in readiness and very eager. And the trumpets sounded and two rode forth to contend. And as they set their spears in rest there rode in one all in black, and the image on his shield black upon black, so that it could not be seen what it was. And as they were about to run against each other he cried, 'Ho, come now both of you and joust against me for the lady.' And they came, and he overthrew them both. And two others came, and he overthrew them. And he cried, 'Come now, all of you that are left, as ye will, and contend with me

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for the lady.' And he was like a black wolf in a fold of sheep. And all said, 'Verily there was never a braver knight.' And some said that it was Julius Cæsar come again, and others said it was King Arthur, for surely this was no mortal knight.

And Lady Florice was very sad, for she said, 'I care not whom I wed, since he that I would have is gone.' And when she looked on the Black Knight she said, 'In truth I never saw so brave a knight, for he fights as though he were wode.' And her ladies said, 'An he be mortal, he must be some fierce lover, for none could fight so unless he loved dearly indeed.' And she said, 'He is a marvellous knight,' and knew not what to think.

And when she looked up they were all overthrown, and the Black Knight stood alone in the midst of the lists. And he came to her and spake, 'Sweet lady, since that thou dost not know me, God forbid that I should force myself upon thee. For it is not well to be betrothed unto a man thou knowest not. For there was of late a youth that was betrothed unto a lady that knew him not, and he fell into evil ways. Neither is it well to be friend unto one that thou knowest not; and if I wed thee, I should be his brother also. For ye know not who I am, neither if I be rich or poor; an I were a beggar ye would not know me; neither will I raise my visor that ye may see. Therefore, lady, tell me now, and thou also, Sir Knight, whether thou wilt choose me or let me go.'



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An I be a fair knight in your eyes, choose, and if I be not, let me go.' And Sir Philip cried, 'Sir Knight, there was never a knight so bold—save one, and since he is not, surely I can choose none better than thee to be my friend.' And the Lady Florice was sad, and she said, 'Sir Knight, truly thou art a rich knight, and a fair knight, e'en though we have not seen thy face; and truly thou art a bold knight, for we have seen thy deeds; never was there so bold a knight. Yet doth not marriage go by boldness, neither by riches, nor by fairness, but by love. For if one as rich, and as fair, and as bold as the King himself here should bid me wed him, yet would I demur. But an he whom I loved were a beggar at the gate, and bade me wed him, I should say, "Sir, I am ready." Therefore, unless he whom I love come back from the grave, I shall never wed until I go to him, where there is no wedding, but true friendship only, and love.' And her brother said, 'It is so.'

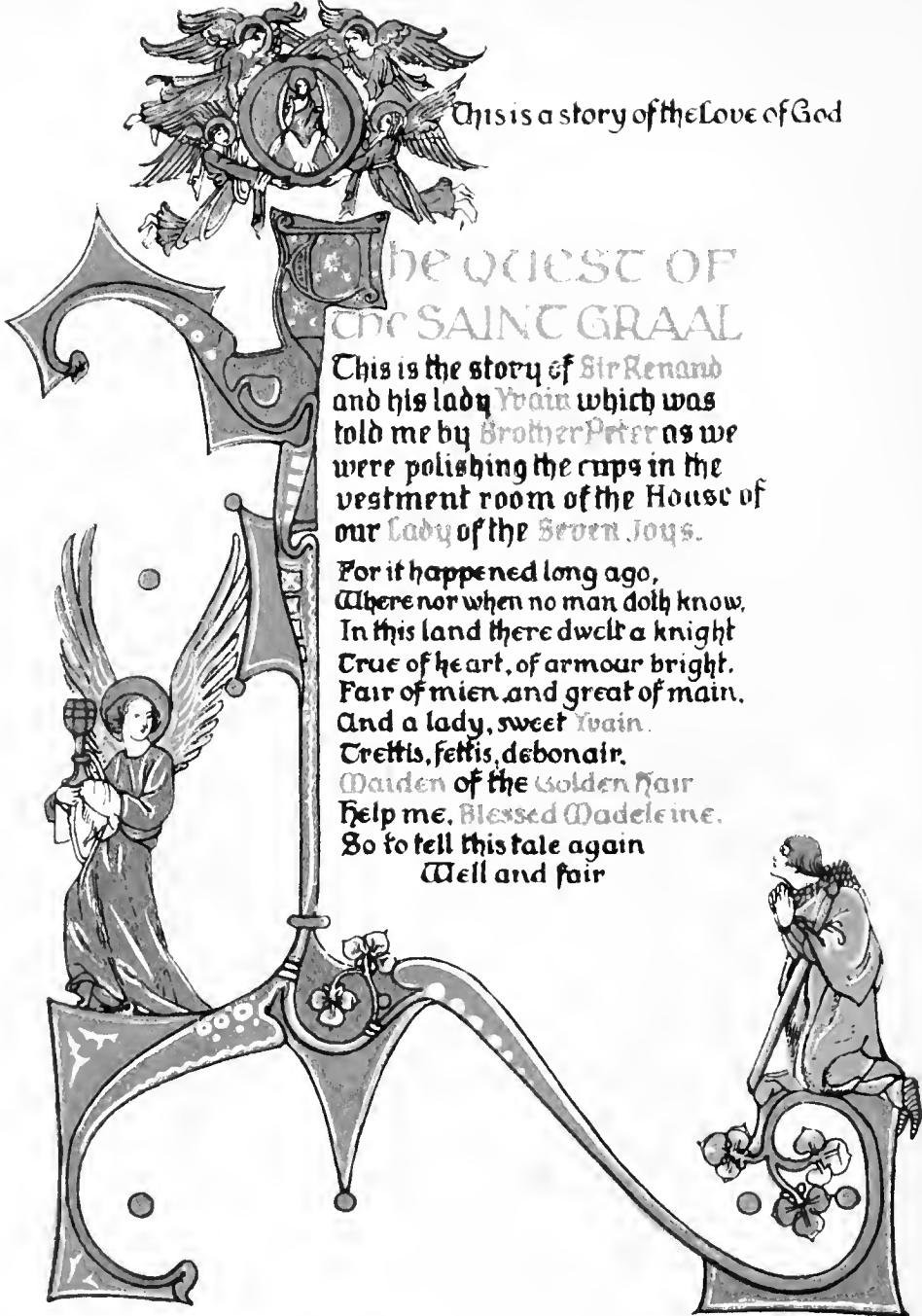
And the Black Knight said, 'Sweet lady, look upon my face.' And it was Sir Hugh. And when Sir Philip looked on him, then knew he that it had indeed been the beggar. Yet said he nothing till they were in the hall together when the fire was low, and all things are told, and old loves are made new again as the logs burn down upon the hearth.



Tud thus the tale is
told—heigho!
A foolish mourn-
ful tale, but so
This world doth go.
For I would fain have made
you glad,
With merry stories, as ye bad,
And now I have but made
you sad.

Heigho!
Yet was the ending well,
ye say;
But never hath my heart
been a gay
Since mine own brother
went away
Long, long ago,
Heigho!
For I have known a friend-
ship true.
And I have known a fair
Sir Hugh,
And I have loved and lost
him too.
Long, long ago,
Heigho;
But so
This world
Doth go.





This is a story of the Love of God

the QUEST OF the SAINT GRAAL

This is the story of Sir Renard and his lady Yvain which was told me by Brother Peter as we were polishing the cups in the vestment room of the House of our Lady of the Seven Joys.

For it happened long ago,
Where nor when no man doth know.
In this land there dwelt a knight
True of heart, of armour bright.
Fair of mien and great of main.
And a lady, sweet Yvain.
Trettis, fettis, debonair.
Maiden of the Golden Hair
Help me, Blessed Madeleine.
So to tell this tale again
Well and fair



For I said to Brother Peter that the love of God and of our dear Lord Jesus Christ was alone sufficient for salvation. And he took the golden chalice of the Abbot Guichard, which was the first abbot of the house, and he held it up so that the sunlight fell upon it as it came through the circle of light that stood round our dear Lord's head in the window; and he said, 'Brother, hast thou heard of the Saint Graal?' And I said that I knew thereof. And he said, 'Hast thou heard the story of Sir Renand and the Lady Yvain therewith?'



Now Sir Renand had been long wed to the Lady Yvain, for when they were children they loved, and when she was a maiden and he a squire they loved, and yet it was not well with them, for never had they a child to bless their house, that they might see the superfluity of their kindness growing up beside them to bless them withal.

For her husband was a very holy man, albeit he was young, and he had a dream in his heart that he should find the chalice of the dear Lord, wherein He drank His last cupful. For he weened that should set all right, and when he had looked on it, it would be well with him evermore. Therefore he prayed night and day.

And oft times the Lady prayed also in her chamber that God would bless her, and looked from her

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window over the silent country side, and at the stars, and mused how each was a little soul that God kept there ere He sent it into a human heart to let it out into the world. And as she saw a star fall she would say, ‘There goes a light for some one, and little eyes to gaze into withal, and little hands to clasp her withal, but never a tiny candle to lighten my life, and yet I ween that I worship God as well as she.’

GOURNFUL seemed the sound of the organ from the chapel and of the monks singing their nocturne. And she said, ‘It is of no avail to worship God.’

And so it was that Sir Renand stayed at vespers after the rest were gone. And he knelt a long time till it was almost morning and the saints were pale, and the candles were guttering on to the altar cloth that the Lady Yvain had worked with her own hands. And as the morning came in at the chinks and key-holes and he was faint with praying, there was a voice at his ear that said, ‘Go to-morrow,’ and he fell down on the altar steps. And Brother Thomas, the Chaplain, found him there when he came to ring the bell in the morning.

And when he had drunk wine he said, ‘God sent His angel into my ear last night and said, “Go to-morrow,” and it is now day.’ And he sent for a horse and put on his armour and he rode out of the castle gate early in the morning. And the Lady Yvain watched him from her window and said, ‘Yet

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he never bade me good rest last night, nor good-bye this morning.'

And he came to many villages and he said, 'Have ye seen the Holy Graal?' And they said, 'What is it?' And he said, 'It is a cup made of pure crystal.' And they said, 'How should we have a jewelled cup, for what the lords have not carried off we have sold to the Jews.' And he said, 'Have not your grandfathers told you of it?' And they said, 'What grandfathers? for those that the lords have not killed the plague has carried away; for God's hand is heavy on us, and we are no more His people and our Priest is dead because the House of Our Lady of the Sorrows took away his lands and he had not wherewith to live, and we had not wherewith to give him.' And they said, 'God is an evil thing, and we are weary of godliness for it brings no profit but only takes it away.'

And he rode far afield to where the villages stopped and there was no more tilled land, neither corn land nor pasture, and he lay down in a cave, for he was very weary and his brain was heavy, and he fell asleep.

And the Lady Yvain went down to the Chapel and she prayed God to give her back her husband.

And there came to her Sir Vaux of Belle Towers and said, 'Sweet Lady, we have loved long time, wilt thou not give up thy Sir Renand, for he is a dreamer and is gone out seeking the moon?'

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She said, ‘It is indeed so, and I am very lonely. But wilt thou not begone, for I will make Christ my husband, as do all lonely women, and may be He will not despise me because I have no man whereby I may worship Him.’

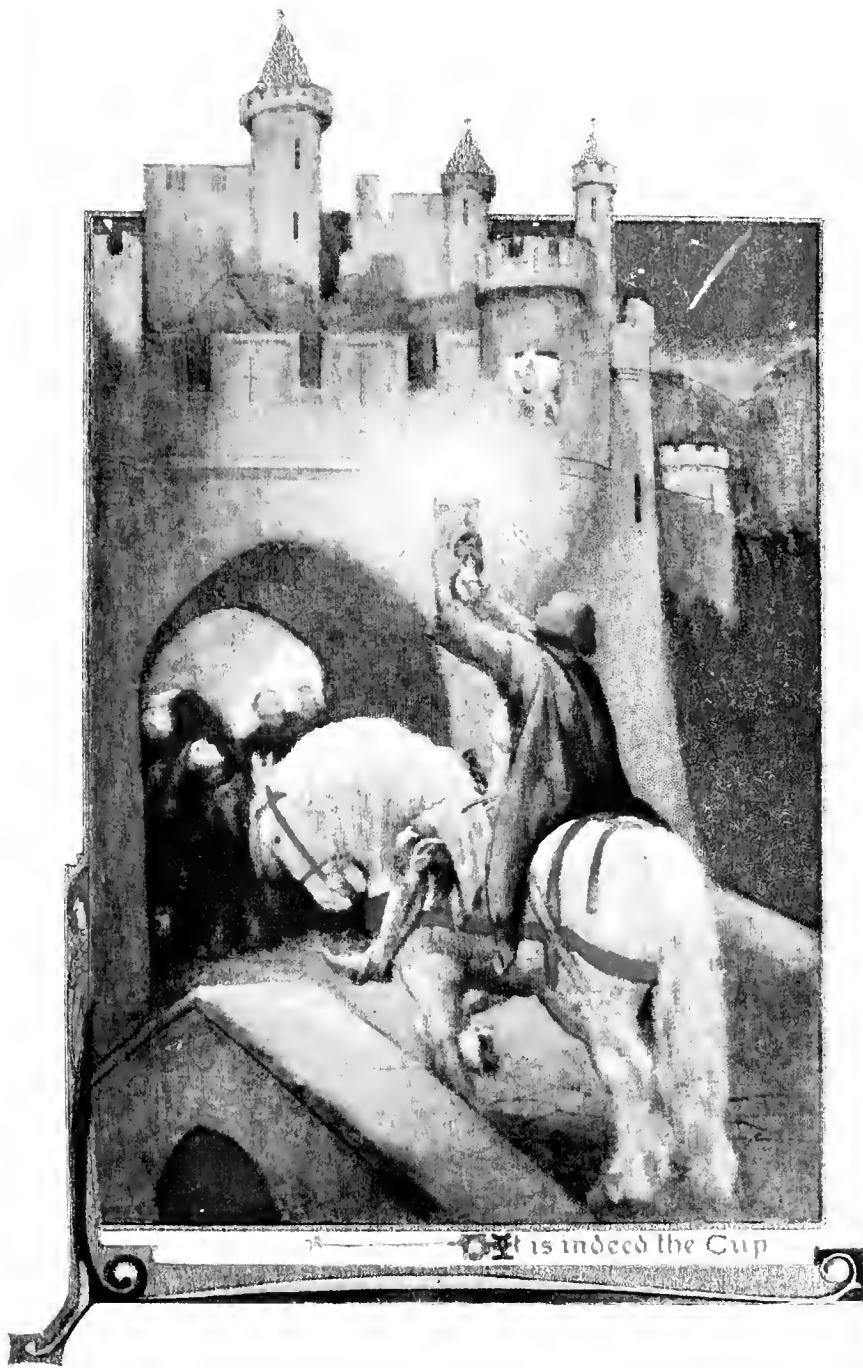
And she went again to the chapel, and it was afternoon, and a thought came to her and she prayed, ‘O God, give him Thy cup, so that he shall return home to me, and then, O God, bless us.’

And far away as he slept there came to him One in the cave and said, ‘Take the cup and bear it home with thee.’ And he awoke and, lo, there was a cup in his hand, and he knew not how it came there ; and all the cave was filled with light.

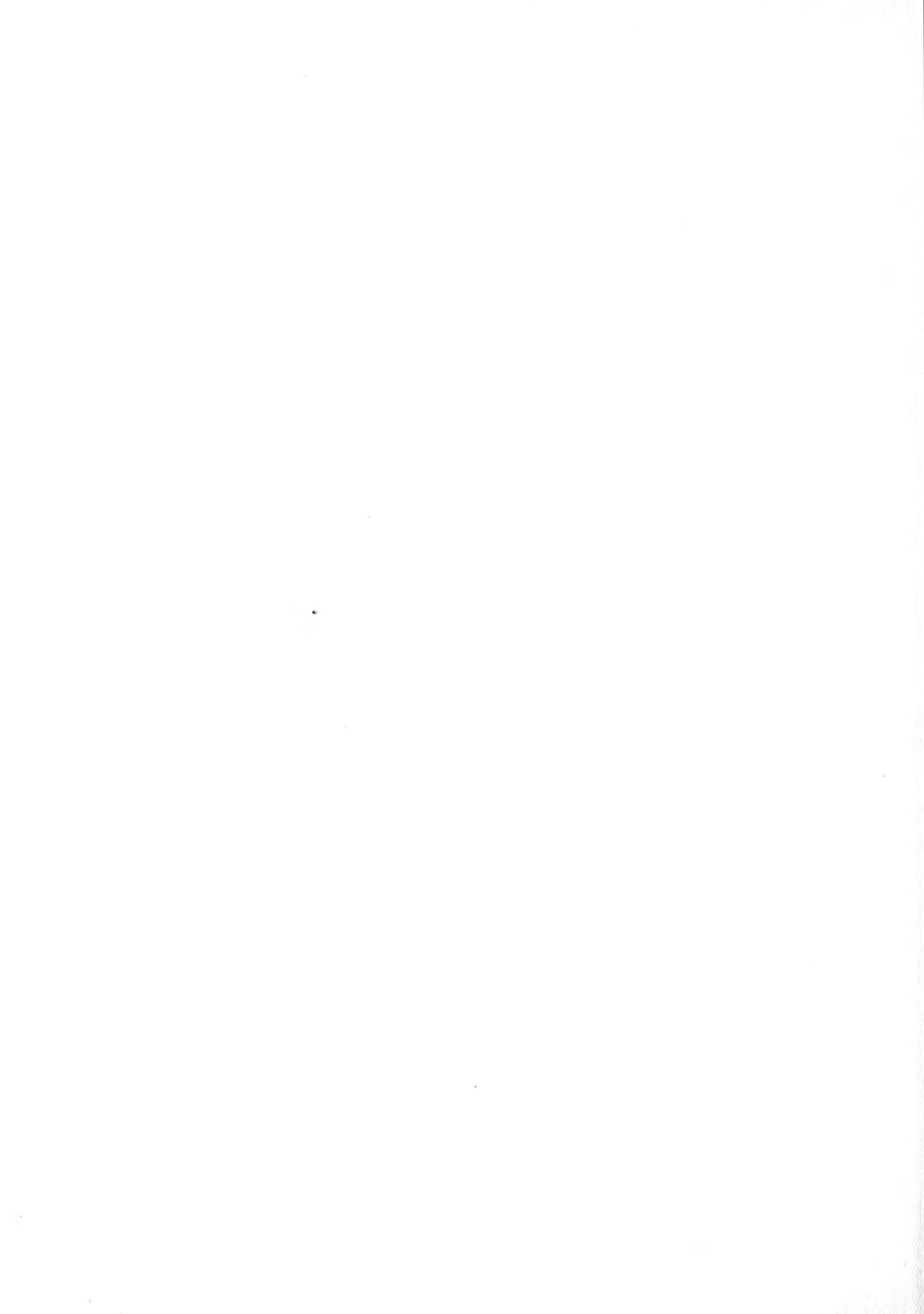
And the Lady Yvain looked out into the court-yard, and he rode in at the gate, holding the cup in his hand. And Brother Thomas and the other Brothers met him, and they said, ‘It is indeed the cup.’ And they bore it into the chapel, and he prayed to it and worshipped it all night. Yet never went he nigh to the Lady Yvain.

But toward morning as he knelt there the light began to fade. And the Lady Yvain stood in the hall, and the fire was out and the dogs were shivering ; and she stood in the darkness and wept for very loneliness, for the Graal had brought her no love but rather taken away.

The chapel door opened, and lo, it was all dark within. And he came out to her and he said, ‘I



It is indeed the Cup



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have lost my Graal. For but now it was taken away.'

And she said, 'Is it so? Yet am I here, and what is a cup to thee?' And he said, 'Sweet wife, I ween that I have been wandering in darkness, for I have not loved thee as thou wert worthy to be loved; and now thy love is gone from me. And God is gone from me, and I am alone.'

And she said, 'Sweet lord, come near me.'

And the dogs stirred on the hearth.

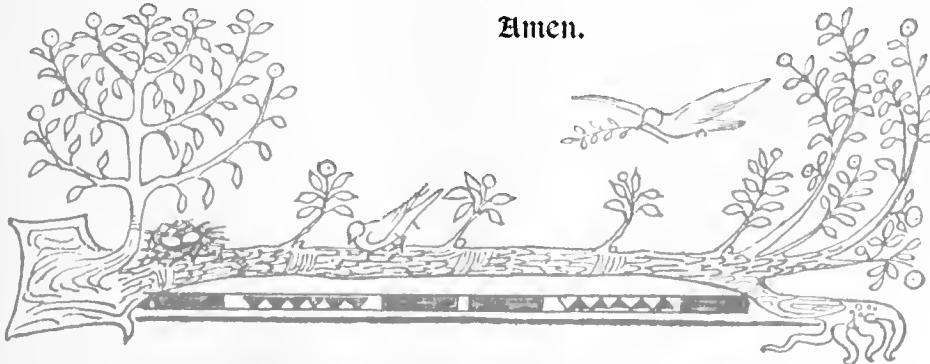
Thus did Brother Thomas show how that the love of God is of no avail unless we love also those that He has given us.

But Brother Thomas is dead and I am but a poor story-teller, and I know them not as he knew them. God give rest to him and let him sleep in peace, and lead me where I may meet him at the last; and bring this world to right, for God only knoweth the end.

To whom be glory and praise for ever

And ever

Amen.





Petit Jean mon ami, I have told this tale for thee,

Petit Jean. For I love thee very well

b Rall. *Tempo Primo*
Better than my heart can tell, Mon ami.

Thou dost not love me at all, For thy heart is very small,
Petit Jean. Yet I love thee

b Rall. *Tempo Primo*
Better than my heart can tell, Therefore listen well,
Mon ami Petit Jean.

This is the story of Friar Ralph.

The Lonely Isle

Petit Jean, mon ami,
I have told this tale for thee,
Petit Jean.
For I love thee very well
Better than my heart can tell
Mon ami.
Thou dost not love me at all,
For thy heart is very small
Petit Jean.
Yet I love thee
Better than my heart can tell,
Therefore listen well,
Mon ami
Petit Jean.

I know well that I cannot tell this tale as Brother Thomas told it, yet such as I remember of it, so I speak. For I suppose it happened long ago, when good King Edward the First was on the throne, that the Holy Friar Ralph went a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and on his way thence came to



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the Lonely Isle, and departed therefrom and after many years came back to England to die.

Now after Friar Ralph had left the Holy City he went through Palestine, and up to Damascus, and thence into the great desert ; and so it was that the man that was guiding him stole away by night, and when the Friar woke in the morning, lo, he was alone in the midst of the wilderness. But he said, ‘God will provide.’ Then as he looked he saw afar off, as it were, the mirage (that is a ‘reflection’) of a great sea ; and he went on toward it. But as he came the image faded away. And he looked again, and lo, the same image, and he said, ‘What is that in the midst of the image of the great sea?’ For it was like a green spot in the midst of the spectre of the waters. So he travelled on, and the sun grew hot, and the image shone very clear. And he said, ‘It is an island in the midst of the waters ; God wot it is a very fair island,’ and he went on yet more.

And thus it was as he journeyed over lands that man had never trod before, where was neither beast nor grass nor water, so that often he was like to die, and I scarce know how it was that he died not, unless it were that God preserved him that peradventure he should see the marvellous sight and bring us back news thereof ; thus it was that he came to a great mountain of rock. And he said ‘Out alas, now must I perish, for God has forsaken me,’ and he lay down at the foot of the rock. And he was like to die.

Troubadour Romances

And night came on shrivelled and parched and dry as it were a wrinkled old woman spreading her black arms over the wilderness of the sand ; and Friar Ralph said, ‘Now shall I not see light again.’ And he lay there in the darkness, never a sound or a breath of air, nor aught save the tearless moon, and the steely, twinkling stars. And there came a dream upon him as though he heard the sound of many waters, and the cry of the sea-mew wheeling about the cliff ; and he opened his eyes, and lo, it came again, clear and shrill through the darkness, ‘Pweet, Pweet.’ And the moon went down behind the rock.

MORNING came and he rose up and took his staff, and he prayed to God, ‘Lo, methought I heard the sound of waters and the cry of the sea-mew, as of an angel calling over the deep. O God, bring me over this rock that I may see if it be so, and let me die as Moses on the top of the hill by Jordan.’ And he took his staff and he came to the top of the rock and looked down upon the sight below.

For it was a sea, blue as the eye of heaven, and very silent, staring right up unto the sun. And the shore was sand, golden, untrodden, save by the myriad ripples of the sea. In the midst was an island, girt about with trees, so fair that the eyes had tears to look upon it, and the heart was full of the sadness of unspoken joy. And Ralph said, ‘Now, O my God, let me lie down and die in the sight of it, or let me cross the sea and come over the blessed place.’

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And it was evening ; the sun went down behind the trees, and its face was laced as it were with the magic of the branches ; and a little wind came and freckled the face of the mere, and made tiny clapping of hands among the rushes, and laughter among the leaves of the trees. And as he stood there, lo, a tiny plashing of oars of a little boat that came across the water, and the low sun shone in the golden hair of him that rowed it. And Brother Ralph stood silent, for no words would come.

And the boat drew up on the sand and a little boy stepped out of it, and he gazed round amazedly, and knelt down on the shore and covered his face with his hands, for he thought he was alone.



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But Ralph went up to him, and laid his hand on his shoulder, and said, ‘What is it, little one? How art thou sad with the sun in thy hair, and music wandering a-dreaming over the lake?’

And the little one looked up and said, ‘What art thou?’

And he said, ‘I am a man, not young, but nearing unto greyness. Dost thou not know a man?’

And he said, ‘I never saw a man before.’

And the Friar said, ‘What are ye yonder?’

AND he said, ‘We are all children; for our fathers left us there long ago lest we should bear the burden of the earth. For they said, “There be many things that we have done that our children must suffer, and things that our fathers have done that we must suffer and pass on to our children, and they unto their children, and so unto the end of the world. Wherefore let these make a new starting here in the Lonely Isle with no burden of inheritance of wrong.”’

‘Even so?’

‘They said, “Let us give them no laws, lest they should do ill by knowing of the evil that is to be done, but let us only leave them a tablet saying this that we have done, and that they love one another, and that we are praying for them far away in our own country that they may do well—even better than we.”’

And Ralph said, ‘Who art thou?’

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He said, ‘I am Jean the Fisherman, and I was aweary of the gladness and I fell a-dreaming of the world outside, and I took my boat and rowed away at sundown, for I wist the world is very wonderful out yonder where the sun lies down in purple and rises up in silver out of his chamber of gold and grey.’

And Ralph said, ‘What is it, little one; dost thou weep?’

He said, ‘I know not.’

Friar Ralph said, ‘Wilt thou go back with me?’

And he said, ‘I will go where thou wilt, sir.’

And they took the boat and rowed back over the lake. And Jean said, ‘Come to my house, for there is none with me, for my fellow is fishing on the other side.’ So they went into a little bower down by the sand, and they slept there, and little Jean lay with his head on the old man’s breast, whose hand was tangled in the golden hair.

In the morning the Friar rose up and looked out over the place, and he saw many little huts, like as this one, here and there over the island, and outside each was his owner making all fair and neat about his place. And he said to boy Jean, ‘Have ye none to sweep and make clean the place but each for himself?’ And Jean said, ‘How should we, sir? For who would spend his life continually sweeping; but if one be weary or hath had too much of the sun, then will we sweep for him, and readily.’

And the Friar said, ‘How then shall you live?

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Have you no shops nor none that make bread or build houses for you, each man having his own labour and occupation?’

But he said, ‘Nay sir, for that were a strange way to live, always making houses, but eating another’s bread, or always making bread but living in another’s houses. Rather let each one do for himself, and if he do not well, let another help him.’

GERRILY the morning passed and the Friar’s heart was full of gladness because of the joy and beauty and peacefulness of the island. And boy Jean made all ready about his house, and in his garden afterward, as did all the others. And then he took up what was necessary for the mid-day meal, and one came and begged of him a fish and he gave it, and another brought him also some very fair fruit that grew on the other side of the island, and he gave other fish also to those that asked it; and one moreover brought him a little floor-rug that he had made surpassingly well, for he said he had had much joy in it.

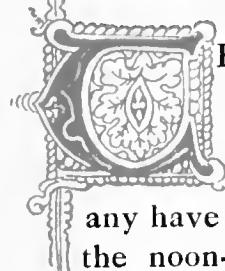
And the Friar said, ‘How is it that thou takest no money, for now hast thou given seven fish, and never a penny in return?’

And boy Jean said, ‘I know not well what thou sayest, sir, but I gave the fish because I love catching fish very well, and I have caught more than I could eat myself. Even so he that brought the rug loves making rugs and he gave me that, for how should one

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use more than two rugs, one for the floor and one for a curtain, be he never so skilful.'

But the Friar said, 'How then, if there be none that loves making clothes, or none that loves fishing, for there be many things that none love to do; for who should love cleaning the back parts of the houses, or mending only of broken things.'

HEN,' said he, 'each shall do for himself, for why should all the trouble fall upon one. For in the morning we see each to his own living, and each to her own living, and if any have over-abundance we give to another. But in the noon-tide let each do what he liketh best, one making of rugs, if he liketh it well, and another fishing, as I do, for I love fishing, and if he have abundance, he giveth to others.'

And so he passed the noontide away; and Jean went out in his boat and brought back fish, bright-gilled as the silver at the bottom of the sea, and golden-backed as though they had caught the shadow of the morning in the bottom of the lake. And the afternoon faded and the shadows grew long toward eventide and the Friar looked up and he said, 'Boy Jean, yet have ye nought in life save eating and drinking and making of what is needful and giving away of abundance? But I wist there is more in our days than that. For some time our days draw toward eventide and it is a little thing only to have lived.'

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But Jean said, ‘Hark !’ And there came a singing down the breeze as it were a mingling of many children’s voices in a song of gladness, where tears have not entered, nor sadness, and weakness and oppression and wrong. I wist not what they sang, save it were of the coming of the morning, and of the sun that sinks down in gold ; of how trees shoot forth their leaves and flowers open their petals and give forth the maiden’s secret of their scent ; how the blackbirds twitter in the treetops and tell of the gladness of spring, and the rooks caw together secrets of old time ; of how the nightingale sings in the woodland looking up love-lorn to a star even as a child leans to another and has nought to tell of his gladness save cooing and childhood’s inexpressive song ; and how that God was in it all and of the love that runneth through. For they sang as the tinkling of many ripples when the rain is on the lake and each little drop like a clapper in a crystal bell gives out its own pure note. Then the music drew nearer and lo, they came past him in troops and squadrons, and they laughed aloud with none to hear them but the trees that gave them back their voices, for they had none other voice to give. And their white arms linked glittered among the bracken, till he could see them no more ; and the song faded into silence, and nought was heard save the lapping of the lake against the sand.

Twilight came, and boy Jean crept up to him.

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And the Friar said, ‘It is evening, boy Jean, even as when I came to thee, and I must go.’

The boy Jean said nothing, but the relic of the sunset glistened in his hair.

And the Friar said, ‘Let me now go and rest awhile, and then I must set out.’ And he went into the hut, and boy Jean crouched at his feet, and the Friar ’gan doze, and he said in his heart, ‘Now I have wandered into Paradise. But what should the old do in a world of children.’ And he was very sorry, yet he said, ‘Nay, tears must not be in Paradise.’ And he said, ‘I will sleep.’

It was very silent; boy Jean crouched at his feet. The night wore on and Jean said, ‘It is nigh morning.’ And Ralph rose up and put his cloak about him and took his staff. The boat was lying against the sand and they thrust it forth, and rowed over the lake, and the sun peeped through over the rock.

And they got out on to the shore and Friar Ralph said, ‘Farewell, boy Jean.’ And he said, ‘How “farewell”?’ The Friar said, ‘Thou wouldest not come with me, little child of the land of joy? I must go out into the world and bear its burden with me, for I am a pilgrim of the people of the earth and I bear the heritage of our sins on my back. For we have erred and the wrongs grow as in a pile where



Troubadour Romances

each casts on a fresh stone ; the strong oppresses the weak, and the poor slave for the rich, and the beggars lack for slaving to have bread. Wouldst thou come with me, boy Jean ?'

And he said as a whisper, 'Aye, sir, should I not if I love thee ?' And he put his arms about his neck.

And Ralph said, 'Little Jean—that love will I bear with me ; for the love of a little one as thou art is the greatest thing in that world of ours. Therefore, when I am weary I will look upon it and remember ; and I will take it to heaven with me as my crown. For we have too little love in our world—yet get you back, Jean, get you back, for how shouldst thou bear that world of mine ?' And he cried within himself, 'Oh, God, that thou gavest me no son.'

And boy Jean said, 'I will go'—even as though it were but a sigh among the reeds. . . .

And maybe he forgot about it afterward on the morrow, when the fish bit well and the sun was bright, for a child's heart is but a little pool, with many shadows, and quickly do they come and quickly go.

So the little boat went out over the lake, and theplash of oars sounded into silence, and all was still. The sun rose up over the rock, but the shore was empty ; and the tide dimpled over the footprints with its laughter ; it was all as a dream that is gone.

And Brother Ralph went out over the world with his staff.

THIS IS ABOUT MUSIC



Hearken Lordings
while I sing
Though his but a little
thing.

Nothing great nor
grand I speak
Of Turk or Saracen
or Greek.
Nor of Northman come
from far.
Nor anything of blood
or war;

But a simple tale I tell,
And may hap ye know
it well.

'Tis the story of a
song,
Nor very great, nor
very long—
But like a baby's prayer,
I weet,
Very short, and very
sweet.

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HE Lady Lilith lived by the sea; and when she was born, men say that the fairies came and left her a golden harp (or may be it was the angels, for I ween they have golden harps also; I know not which it was). In sooth no one knew whence it came, for on the night she was born there came a great sleep over all that were there, and the waiting-women lay against the door posts, and the Queen lay asleep in the bed, and the men-at-arms at the doorway rested on their spears; and the baby gave a cry and a cooing as though some one were near. And there was a sweet music; but sleep came on them so that they could not open their eyes nor hear what it was. And when they woke in the morning, lo, there was a little golden harp scarcely as big as a man's hand by her side; and the baby rested her fingers upon it and twanged at the golden strings, and cooed, and ever and anon she ceased and lay as it were a-marvelling and made as though to weep; and then she sang again, and then at the last lay a-musing long, and was sad, and wept sore until she slept: and when she woke she fell a-singing again, and always the same tune, so that the nurses pointed at the child and said it was a changeling. Yet was it no changeling, for never a sweeter babe grew to girlhood, and from girlhood to maiden-hood, when the breasts are round and the eyes are big with wondering at the change that is come upon her. And ever as she grew, the harp

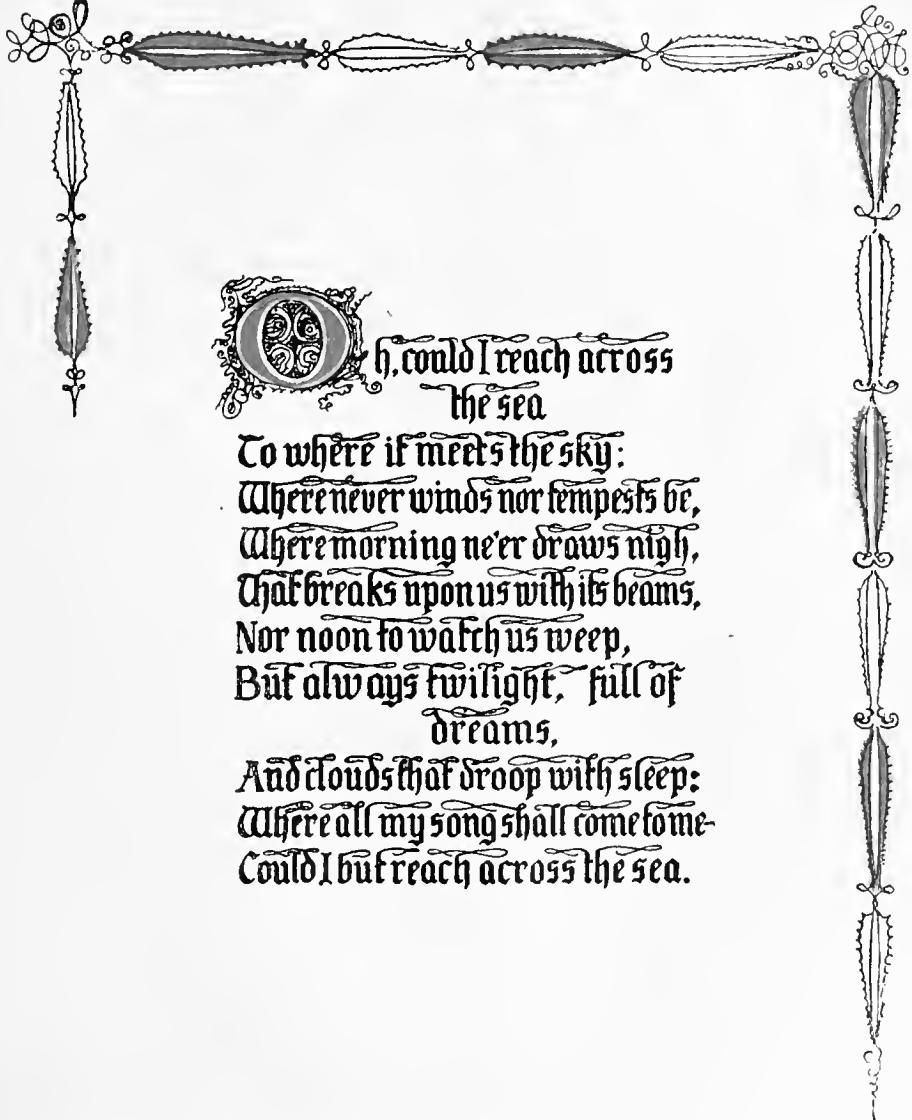
Clairdelune & Other

grew with her, always to fit her hand and many a pretty tune she played upon it, yet none so sweet as that which came in catches, here and there a word, and ever the same sweet music, that crept into the heart like a warm wind of summer, telling of some far-off country that we know not, albeit it seems laden with its sweetness.

And oftentimes she sat at the window looking out across the waves of the sea, to where it was all calm on the horizon ; and oftentimes she sighed.



Troubadour Romances



O h, could I reach across
the sea
To where it meets the sky:
Where never winds nor tempests be,
Where morning ne'er draws nigh,
That breaks upon us with its beams,
Nor noon to watch us weep,
But always twilight, full of
dreams,
And clouds that droop with sleep:
Where all my song shall come to me—
Could I but reach across the sea.

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And anon she was full grown to be a woman—never a fairer, and there were many suitors to her hand. And she said to her father, 'Sweet sir, I prithee do this for me, for they say that there be some that fain would wed me. I prithee bid them first wed my song. For lo it is always with me, sounding in my ears, and yet it is but in catches and faint strains, here a word and there another, and always the music, as though it had lost its mate. Let him wed me that can give my heart comfort, and I will love him unto his day's end, and afterward, we know not where, if God please.'

And because he knew that it was a fairy harp that had been given her, and had seen how it grew always to fit her hand, he gave order as she had asked him. And many princes came, and sang many sweet songs, and some of them be known to this day for their sweetness and told oftentimes as I tell you this tale now; yet was there none that brought the Lady Lilith aught of comfort, so that she fell sick with hoping and longing, and lay all day in a fever at the window that looked out toward the forest, listening to the wind in the trees afar off, and wondering if its murmurings made clearer were the words of her song.

And as she lay there, one came to the court clad as though he had travelled far; and he was very fair, for his eyes were big like the eyes of the Lady Lilith and his hair was golden like the harp of the

Troubadour Romances

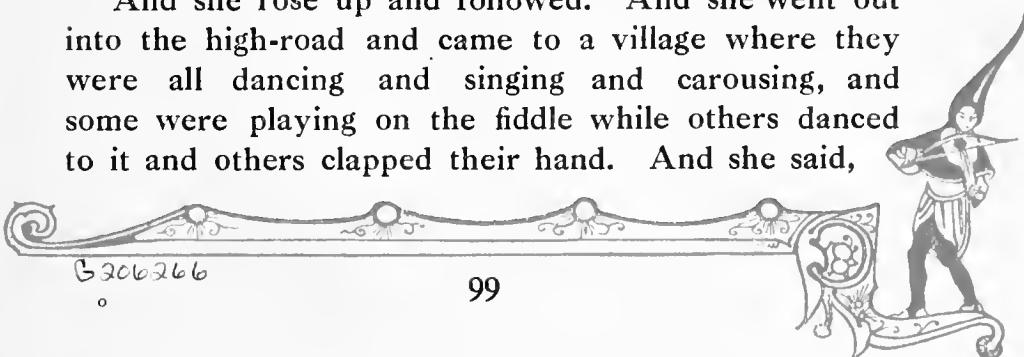
Lady Lilith, all straight like strings of gold. And he said, 'I prithee let me tell my tale, for may be here I shall find its ending. I pray you give me leave, though in sooth there is no music to it, but it is all plain and bare and sad like a feast without wine, a country without flowers, man's life without love. Yet methinks sometime there will be one that will tell me all its sweetness. For God wot sometimes I hear the music ring so nigh.'

And they said, 'Pray you, peace. For what is a song without music? A day without sunlight. Get thee gone.'

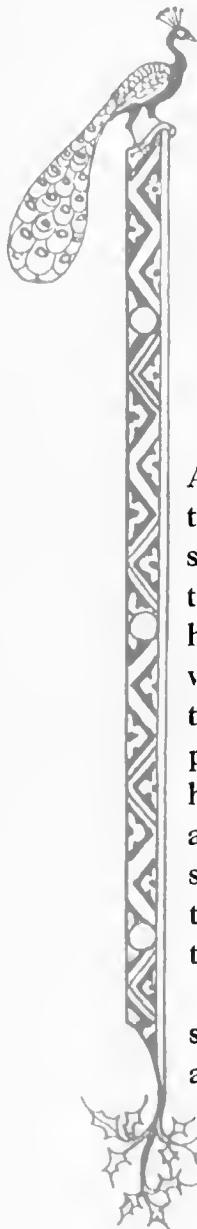
And he said, 'Aye, what indeed? And yet methinks 'tis not in the sunlight, but in the twilight I shall find it. For all things are found in the twilight, as in the twilight of man's days he sees a glimpse of heaven, when death draws nigh.'

And as he passed out he murmured the song to himself and the wind caught it up to where the Lady Lilith lay, and she said, 'The wind has brought it me from the forest.' And then his voice came to her, and she said, 'It is he.'

And she rose up and followed. And she went out into the high-road and came to a village where they were all dancing and singing and carousing, and some were playing on the fiddle while others danced to it and others clapped their hand. And she said,



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Cease awhile your singing,
For the morn is bringing
A weary day to you.
Cease awhile your playing,
Listen to my saying,
Gentles true,
I pray you say
Saw ye a lover pass this way?

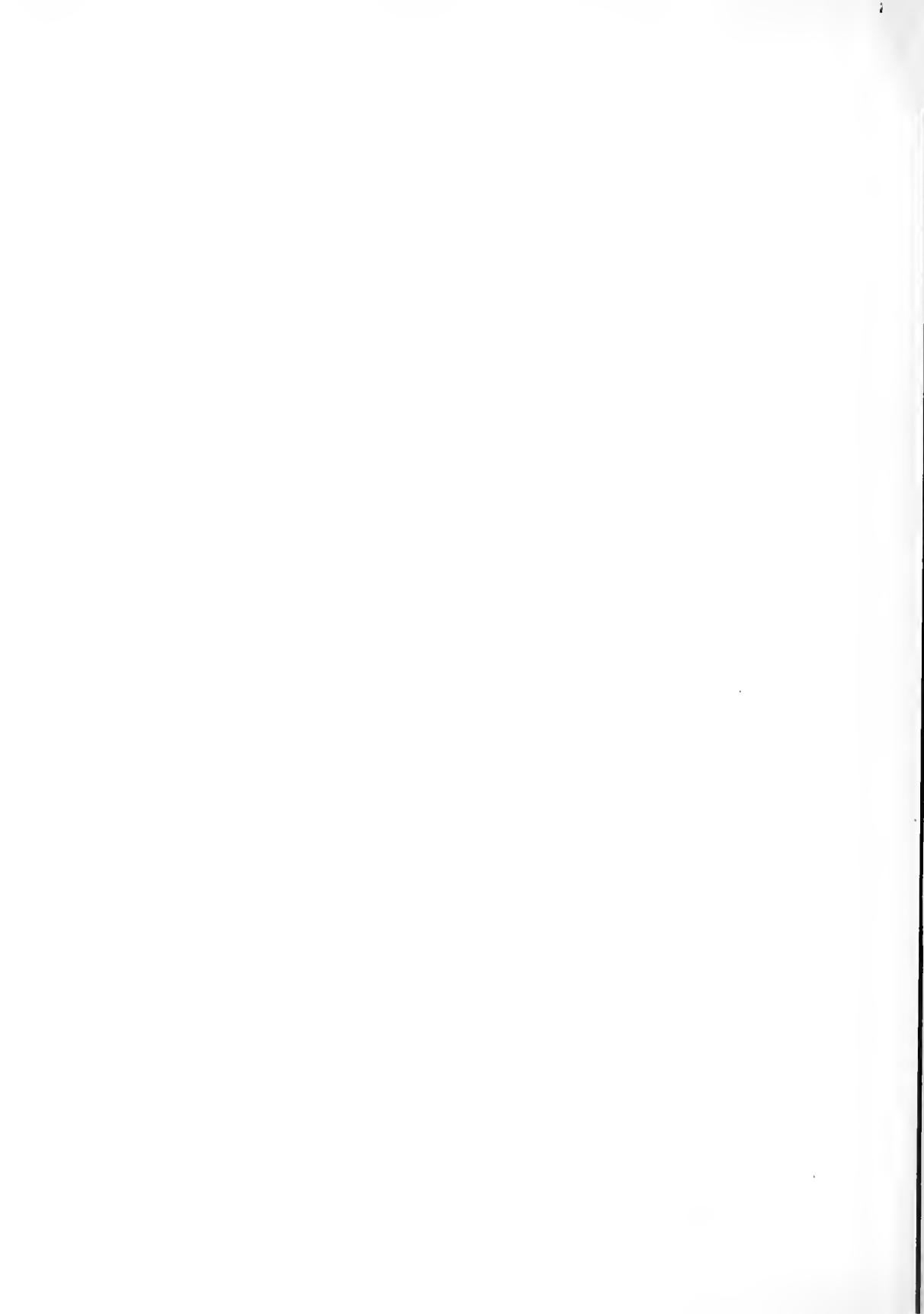
And they said, 'He passed while we were dancing.' And she went along the road and the sun grew hot to noon-day and faded into afternoon, pale and silvery, and evening came, golden as her harp, and twilight. And as she went she heard a voice before her as she stood on the edge of the forest, and it went on in front of her among the trees, and she took her harp, and played as she went, and as she played, lo, he sang afar off. And as she came to the heart of the forest, the voice drew nearer, until it was at her very ear, and there were hands on her shoulders. And the stars were bright as eyes, and the moon was tangled in the tree-tops ; and she turned and saw him face to face.

She said, 'There is more, I will teach it thee.' As she played he followed her, faltering at first, but afterward, as he learned of her, more strong and purer than before.

And while they were playing the night waned,



Over the Stars in I-jah.



Troubadour Romances

and the moon went to her chamber, and the stars followed after her with their dying lamps. And there came a sleep upon Lilith and the birds sang soft and slow as morning came out timid over the hill-top.

At last she woke and turned to go home. And the sun grew hot, and parched the road-way white; and it faded to afternoon, and the flowers shut up their petals; and it grew dim and blind to evening, when the day was old.

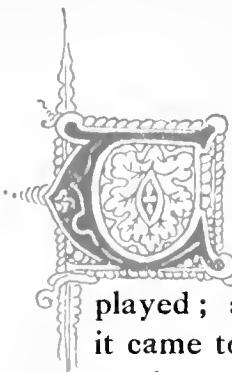
And she came to the village where they were all mourning and weeping; clad in black and beating their breasts, and she said,



ease awhile your weeping,
When night so nigh is creeping
May not tears have peace?
Cease awhile your crying,
When the day is dying
Shall not weeping cease?
Good people say
Saw ye a lover pass this way.

And they said, 'He passed while we were beating our breasts.'

And she went home. And as she lay in her chamber, when the day was done and twilight was near, there was a singing; and she looked out to sea, and saw a light as it were a taper on the edge of the sky. And it was a boat coming over the waters.



HE sail was golden ; and it made no sound as it came through the waves.

And she went down on to the shingle, and took her harp and he sang, and she played ; and the boat went back over the waves till it came to where the sky and the sea met. I ween it was the ending of the song that they found there, over the edge of the world.

For the Lady Lilith is the soul that seeketh Love, and he is the love that she seeketh. But love is gone out of the world to where the stars sing together and the angels' arms are twined in peacefulness, and the new day lies a-dreaming with her lips to God. But day-break comes and while we are singing or weeping love is passed by in the world. For love cometh in the stillness but the world is full of tumult, and we know him not.





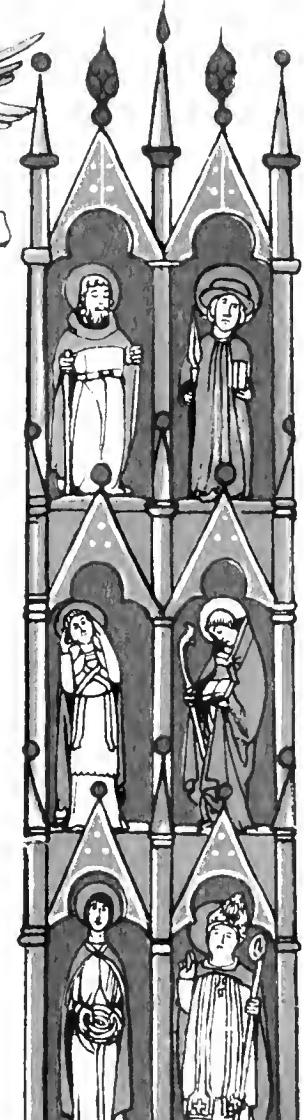


Brother Peter told
this. He serves &
the sick in our
monastery.

CHE SIX SAINTS OF HEALING

he said "Have you
ever heard this
rhyme of the
Saints Guerisseurs. My mother
used to sing it over me when I was ill.
It is very beautiful.

Il y a six Saints Guerisseurs,
Saint Houormaud pour la Peur,
Hubert pour morsures de chiens,
Pourmaux de tête Saint Livertin,
Saint Queen pour la folie,
Mamet pour melancholie.
Mais Saint Labin nous invoquons
Pour toute espèce d'afflictions.



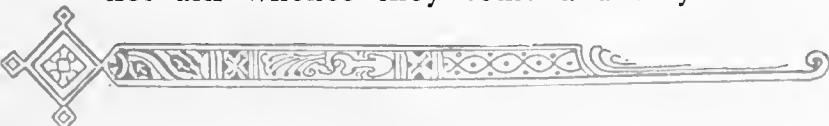
This is the story

Petite Mai was servant of the Lady Dorice that lived in the Château Nuages. It was very lonely in the Château Nuages, for it was on a high hill, and all round were deep woods. Over the Château Nuages passed only the clouds, all day long clouds white and grey like the angels' wings passing, so feathery soft, and silent as the feet of God.

Petite Mai loved her mistress and the Lord Dorien also, and she served them with all her might, for she was the only servant, save old Dame Marthe, who was big and strong and did the cooking. For they were very poor, they could not afford many servants. Mai was from the village ; the Lady Dorice took her, because she was so small and her little face so white, like a thin little angel pining away in the dark of the forest.

Now as Mai waited upon the Lady Dorice at supper she saw that her mistress was not happy ; and every day as she looked at her, lo, the weariness grew. And the months went by, and still she looked sadder and ever more sad till she seemed wasting away for very weariness.

And one day Petite Mai said to Marthe, ‘What is it, Marthe, that ails my Lady?’ And Marthe said, ‘But alas, little one, I know not. God sends us our illnesses as he also sendeth our health, and we must not ask whence they come and why. I cannot tell



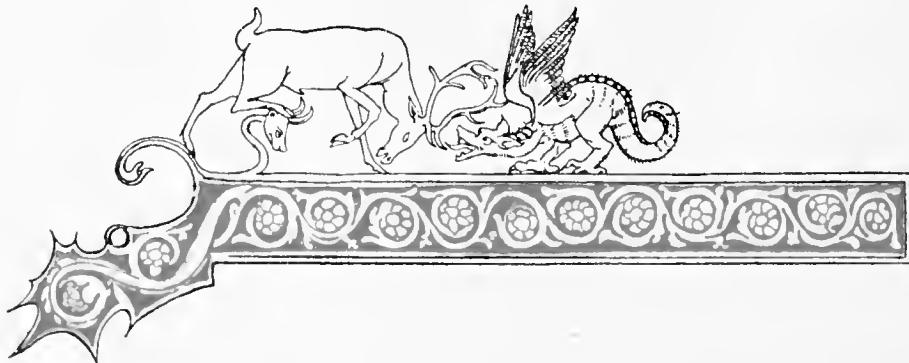
Clairdelune & Other

what it is.' And Petite Mai said, 'Should she not ask a physician?' Marthe said, 'What would that avail? For by prayer we may have relief, but not by blistering and physicing. She should pray to the Saints Guérisseurs.' And she sang the little song:

Sir good Saints can heal aright:
Saint Houarniaule for affright,
Saint Hubert when we are bitten,
Saint Livertin with headache smitten,
Saint Méen when wits are failing,
Saint Mamert for stomach ailing,
But to Saint Lubin do I call
Who heals me in afflictions all.

Petite Mai said, 'Where may I find all these—Saint Hubert and Saint Méen, and Saint Mamert, and the rest?' Marthe said, 'They live in the woods down yonder.' Then Mai said, 'Teach me the rhyme.' So Marthe said it over again, until Petite Mai knew it by heart.

So the weeks went by in clouds and sunshine, and the trees gan blossom, and the sound of the birds came up faint from below, and pigeons whispered



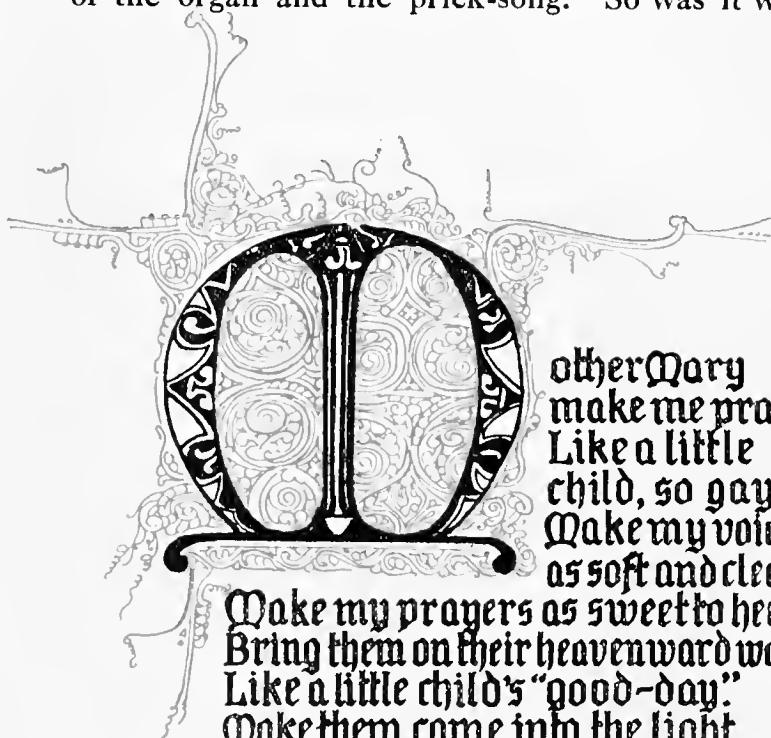
Troubadour Romances



'To-hoo, to-hoo' on the roof top that summer was come; and Mai looked out over the forest, and she said, 'O God, send Saint Houarniaule and Saint Hubert and Saint Livertin and Saint Méen and Saint Mamert and Saint Lubin all together to walk in the forest now that grass and the trees are green, and the little flowers are out.' And mayhap God heard up in

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heaven and looked down on the hill de Château Nuages. For I ween that the prayers of little children come unto God's throne before our Pater-nosters, and He hears their voices above the sound of the organ and the prick-song. So was it with Mai.



other Mary
make me pray
Like a little
child, so gay
Make my voice
as soft and clear
Make my prayers as sweet to hear,
Bring them on their heavenward way
Like a little child's "good-day."
Make them come into the light
Like a little child's "good-night."
Mother Mary every day
Teach me like a chsld to pray.

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So Petite Mai went into the forest, and she came to a little shrine built right out in the wood, and the door was shut fast.

She tapped and she heard a trembling voice, which bade her 'Enter.' So she went in, and there was a little man with a staff in his hand dressed like a pilgrim, praying, and he said, 'What is it that you fear little one? What would you with me?' She said, 'Sir, I pray you, it is my mistress, the Lady ORICE, that is ailing. Canst thou cure her?' But Saint Houarniaule said, 'Out alas, little Mai, she is not sick with my disease. For what should she fear that is so pure of heart? Go on the road to Saint Hubert, for he cureth dog-bite and mania. Mayhap he will avail. For dog-bite may come to any one, however good he be.' And when she went out he shut the door close after her. So she went on her way.

And she came to Saint Hubert that had a spear in his hand to kill mad dogs withal. He sat in the doorway of his shrine, reading in a little book. She said, 'Saint Hubert, the Lady Dorice is wasting away, canst thou cure her? Saint Houarniaule told me to come to thee.' He said, 'Out alas, she is not sick with my disease. For there are no dogs on the mountain de Château Nuages. Go to Saint Méen, mayhap it is Folly. For sometimes men waste away for very witlessness, and women also. Mayhap he will cure her.' So she came to Saint Méen, who was

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very sweet and gentle, and he laid his hand on her hair and said, ‘What is it little one?’ She said, ‘It is the Lady Dorice. No one can cure her. Canst not thou aid? For Saint Hubert said that woman wasteth away with very witlessness. Mayhap it is that.’

He said, ‘Out alas it is not my disease. For who could call the Lady Dorice witless? There is Saint Livertin, mayhap it is but a headache after all.’

Saint Livertin sat all alone in his shrine right in the stillest part of the forest, where not even the bees hummed or the birds spoke, and he held his head between his long thin hands. He said, ‘What is it, little one? Art thou in pain?’ And she told him of the Lady Dorice. He said, ‘Anon and anon have I prayed for her, for who is a woman that hath not headaches betimes? But it is not that she wasteth of. Mayhap it is colic, for that sometimes causeth a headache and a wasting also.’

But it was not colic. Saint Mamert was very sad; he held his hat in his hands, because it does not look well for a saint to lay hands on his stomach. He said, ‘It is not colic, little one. Go and ask one of the others.’ She said, ‘I have asked them all, except Saint Lubin.’ He said, ‘Saint Lubin cures all things if thou canst but find him. He is dressed as a bishop and always looketh up to the throne of God. He is kind and gentle, but he comes not to every one’s call, least of all to little children, for he is sorry when they go to him.’

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So Petite Mai sought all day for Saint Lubin. Evening came on, and the birds ruffled their feathers and put their beaks under their wings. And she said, 'Out alas I am weary and I cannot find him. Holy Saint Lubin come to me. Oh, Mother Mary make him come to me.'

The wood was all in darkness and she fell asleep.



Mother Mary make me sleep

Like a little child.

Make me dream of childish things,
Of woodlands where the linnet sings,
Of cattle moving in the grass,
Of daisies bending as I pass,
Of field and hill and river deep,
Of garden and of forest wild.

Mother Mary make me sleep

Like a little child.

And lo, as Petite Mai slept Saint Lubin came to her and he said, 'What wouldest thou with me, Mai? Art thou so weary? Dost thou need me already?' She said, 'It is the Lady Dorice.' He said, 'Wouldst thou have Lady Dorice die?' She said, 'Nay, but thou canst cure all ills.' He said, 'Aye, little Mai, Death cures all ills. For each of the Saints Guerisseurs cures one ill, for he suffers that ill for mankind.'

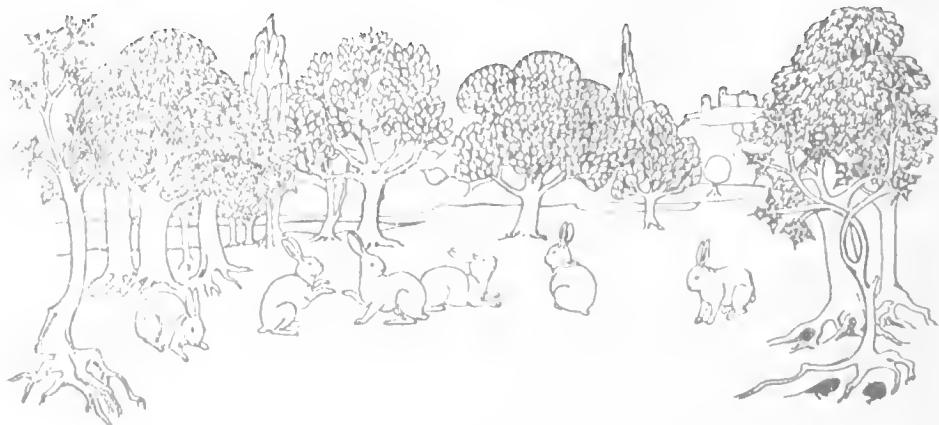


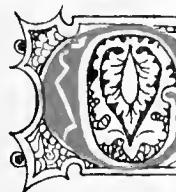
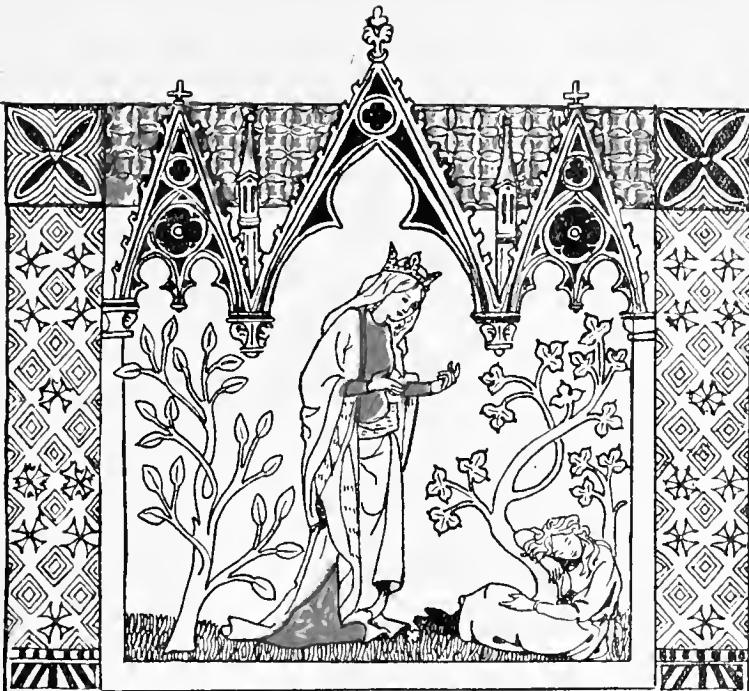
SAINT Livertin always suffers headache, and Saint Mamert always suffers colic. But Saint Lubin suffers all ills, and he cures all ills. For Saint Lubin is Death.'

And mayhap Saint Lubin told the Holy Mother that Petite Mai lay weeping in the darkness under a tree, and the Holy Mother came to her and took her head in her lap, and said, 'Little Mai, thou art young; thou dost not know what maketh a woman's heart sad. But the years will pass and bring thy longing for the little one that comes not and comes not. But all cometh in God's own time, seedtime and harvest and flower and fruit. Go home to Château Nuages and tell her that he is coming, even as He came to me, in God's own good time.'

That is my story, said Brother Peter, for they made Mai nurse to the little one, and she tended him day and night.

That is how my Mother told it me when I was ill. It was a long time ago.





God bless all mothers and
little children and hold
them safe in his keeping
for ever and ever Amen.

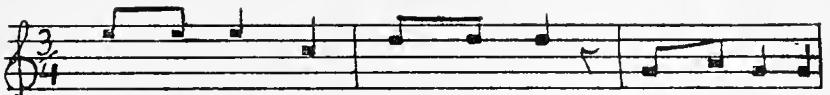


ELLE ALISE

He sang this:-

A musical score for 'Belle Alise' featuring three staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a tempo marking of 'Andante'. The lyrics 'Belle A-lise rose ere the sun To' are written above the notes. The second staff continues with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics 'pray to God above. Belle A-lise ere' are written above the notes. The third staff concludes with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics 'day was done Lay down to dream of love' are written above the notes. Various dynamics and performance instructions like 'mf', 'p', and 'pp' are included throughout the score.

The brother
Philip
told me this story:
It was in the autumn
time:
In the garden.



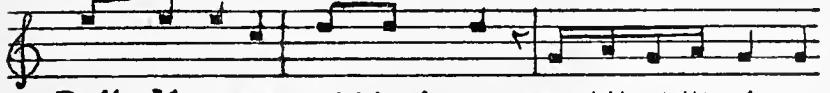
Belle Alise that live-long night Slept a happy



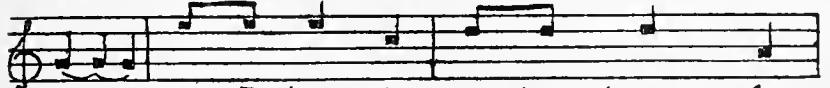
sleep. Belle Alise ere day was bright



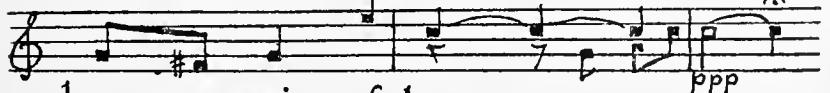
Rose she up to weep.



Belle Alise ere night had come and the little stars a-



bove, Belle A-lise she gat her home To



dream a-gain of love



HE told this :

Boy Renaud lived in the Castle of Fleuris that stood in the meadows. All day long it was very quiet in the Castle of Fleuris, only the bees hummed,

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and the cattle moved in the grass, and the sun moved in the sky, and mayhap anon the wind went a-whispering through the grass tops. But one day was like another, sunshine and scent of flowers, and one night as the last one, stars and the moon, never a change. Petite Renaud was sorry, and he longed for some one to answer his cry save only his own broken echo in the court. And he said to the little images he had made, little men that danced on a spindle and little beasts that stood about, and ships that sailed on tiny waters voyages of no import, he said, 'Ye are but toys, and I am a man, and I am weary of idleness and stillness and solitude.'

Now there were others with him in the castle, his uncle Sir Amiloun and the Lady Ydoine that was the wife of Sir Amiloun, but the mother of Petit Renaud was dead long syne. And mayhap these twain recked of him; but they were grown and how shall old hearts know the young; or mayhap they recked not. Only the Lady Ydoine seemed sometimes kind, for her face was gentle and fair even as a flower, even as a pansy that is full of sad sweet thoughts. But she had been absent from the table of late.

And the bees hummed their last song and the skirts of the last wind went out over the meadow, and night came on, very still as though he dared not breathe for fear of waking my Lady, yea even as though he bore some secret to her in his breast. And the castle was all very still, so still as though a great hand of

Troubadour Romances

silence was pressing upon it, and Renaud cried out for the very hush, ‘Oh, how I am weary of this place,’ and he put down his head on his arms and wept for loneliness and no avail; and he said to the man that danced upon a spindle, ‘Thou art a dead thing, get thee hence, I will go and seek the world.’

ND as the night wore on in the castle there was a quiet moving of feet to and fro and a whispering in passages, but Renaud heard it not, only he lay half asleep and half awake dreaming of the great world beyond the treetops and of the streets of the town and of the great mountain.

And when it was midway to morning he arose and put on his cloak and unlatched his door. It was all quiet in the house. He passed by the Lady Ydoine’s chamber and then turned back, for he said, ‘I will bid farewell to her, for her face is full of gentle thoughts.’

And lo, on the bed something very little, sleeping with a ray of moonlight on her little face; and the Lady Ydoine very pale, fast asleep also. And he knelt down by the side of the babe and he said, ‘We shall meet again, my little playmate,’ and he unclasped his locket from about his neck, and set it about hers.

And a cloud passed over the moon and he was gone.

HE sang this :

Little Jesu, guide me right
When Summer is in bank and bower.
Guide me through the Winter's night
And in the Spring's long sunny hour
When buds gin bloom and rooks shout boarse,
When Summer is in Winter's room:
While all the seasons run their course
Little Jesu, guide me right
Until the light.

SO it was as the years rolled by and the seasons went and came, that Renaud did ill in the town. Mayhap he knew not its ways as I knew them not. For I ween that the town is a very wicked place of dicing and gaming and lewd songs, where men gather together unto the Miracles but are drunk with wine, and on the Sunday following pass the Church door with laughter. How so be it, he did not well in the town.

But the years went by and left him with the grey hairs coming nigh, and youth had availed not, neither was old age fair to see. But he said, ‘Joy and pleasure have profited me nothing, but my soul is ill at ease. I have spent my years vainly and I am weary of the tumult. Fain am I for the flowers and autumn’s sad, sweet, quiet song.’



ND he said, 'I will get me up into the mountain, for it is as though my soul sought something that I know not what. In the mountain there are clouds and silence: and God knows what may yet lie beyond this plain.'

So he arose and went.

HE sang this:

Little Jesu, guide me right
Up life's mountain steep at night:
Little Jesu, stand more near,
Little Jesu, speak more clear.
Take my hand, bid me not fear,
Make darkness bright.
Little Jesu, guide me right,
Until the light.

Even so may the Lord Jesus guide all that are
in trouble and doubt and heaviness and
know not which way to turn to
do the good thing nor which
way to avoid the bad.

So he went up to the mountain, and it was nigh evening and the sounds of the town grew faint behind him and the sun was very red in front. And the lights of the town came out as little red stars, but he said, 'Not that way will I look, not that way, but

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up unto the sun that sinketh yonder, even as my life sinks, stained and soiled without avail.'

And he came to the top, and it was the quietness of the twilight, and clouds were about him, and mist, and strange things. And it was as though there was a clapping of wings above his head, and a breeze that came out of nowhere that pressed him round about,

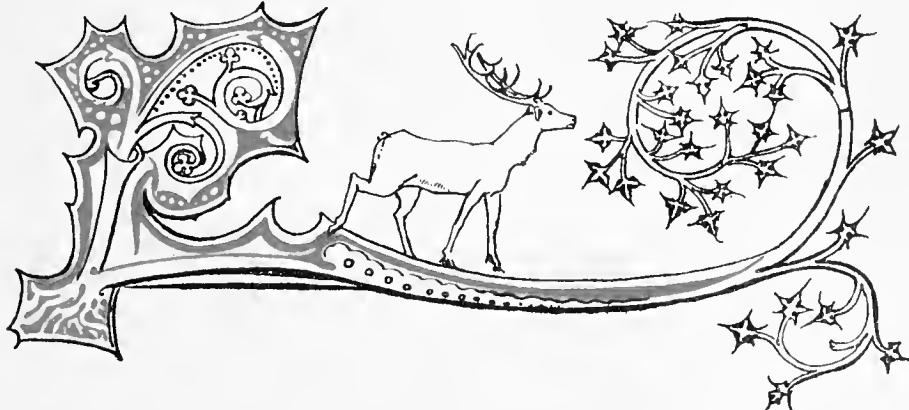
Troubadour Romances

and silence as of some one that would speak. But there was no sound. And it grew darker, and the sun-line was as incense dying upon the altar, as the red of the Window of the Passion fading upon the stone. And all was dark.

And lo, as he looked, a face in the darkness, even as of the pansy full of sad, sweet thoughts. And he said, ‘It is My Lady Ydoine come back to me.’ And he said, ‘Nay it is not she, but fairer—how much more fair—It is Our Lady Herself of Sweet Thoughts, that hath taken pity on me.’ And he knelt down and prayed. And as he prayed he fell asleep until morning light.

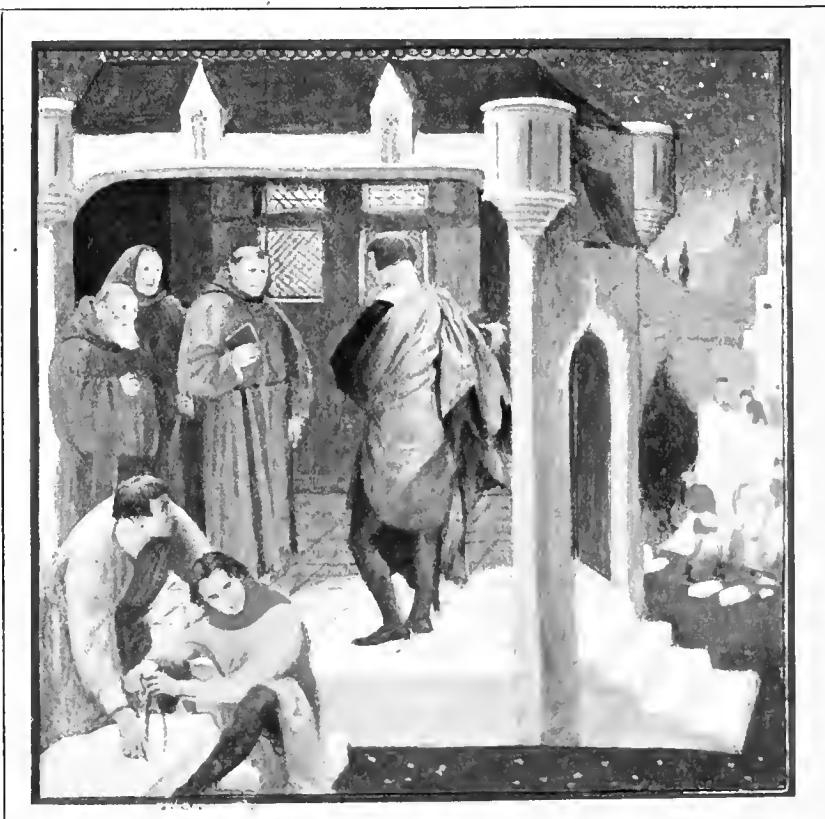
And at morning he rose up and looked forth, and lo, not far beneath him a monk’s house that was building, and a very fair Church thereto and a tower. And he said, ‘Strange is it that I hear the sound of the hammers working, but yet the bell of the clock comes not up to me, nor came up all through the night.’

And he went down and he came to the monks and he said, ‘Brothers, ye have a very fair Church that is building: To whom is it building?’ And they said,



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'To my Lady of the Sorrows.' But he said, 'I build to My Lady of Sad, Sweet Thoughts': and he said, 'There is no clock.' They said, 'What matters it?' He said, 'It matters much, for clocks are to mark the hours of our lives, how they are wasted, how much is given to foolishness and how little unto love.' They said, 'What canst thou do?' And he said, 'Bring tools and wood and iron.' And he made them a man that turned on a spindle even



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with the wind, waving his staff moreover as though he would turn the other way.

SO also my little child, even you for whom I tell this story, whom I love very well, even so doth a man turn, as thou shalt know hereafter when thy cheeks are paler and thine eyes more sad, when thy heart has met fortune and is bruised thereby and thy little breasts have known all the pain and the anguish that belongeth unto life, even so doth a man's heart turn in the wind of the world and thinketh that he turneth of himself yet maketh signs as though he might have turned the other way.

And they said, ‘Brother, it is well done. Be of us and make us a clock.’ And he said, ‘Not of you for I am not worthy and my heart still yearneth after one that I know not; mayhap it is Our Lady, or mayhap it is but her messagere upon earth.’

And he made a clock, and it was the fairest clock that hath ever been, with men that turned on spindles and bowed themselves, and little angels that flew to and fro. And above the face of the clock was to be the face of Our Lady of Sweet Thoughts, even as of a pansy, very sweet and very sad.

Now beyond the land of the Monks’ House and of the Church was a very fair garden, and at the bottom of the garden was a stream clear and bright as the river of heaven itself. And all day long the stones made chatter and rattle as the water ran over them and fell full of laughter into one clear pool.

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AND on a morning Brother Renaud stepped over the stream and knelt gazing into the pool and he said, ‘Would I could see it as I saw it at the top of the mountain, oh sweet sad face.’ And it was as though the trees made murmur and the little stones laughed at him as they tinkled in the sun. And there came a very sweet scent—of many meadows and of daisies basking in the sun, with their little eyes turned up to heaven watching what the children-angels would do, and as he looked there was a face in the pool that looked up to him beside his own. And it was the face as of her on the mountain. And he bent down to it and said, ‘Oh, Lady of Sad Thoughts.’

And, lo, she herself. And she said, ‘Yea, of sad thoughts indeed.’ And he said, ‘I dreamed of thee upon the mountain.’ She said, ‘What didst thou dream?’ And he said, ‘I dreamed of sad thoughts, but they were mine own; thou hast no cause but to smile.’ And she said, ‘Aye, no cause save loneliness.’ And he said, ‘Give me but that smile again, for it is sadder than thy thoughts—and yet I know not, for the saddest things are sweetest and the sweetest sad. Only God knows which is pleasure from pain, and He giveth it to us, and we know it not.’

And she smiled again—she wist not why. And the stream made a little laughter, and the flowers were very sweet.

So the clock went on from day to day. And the face was very beautiful. For why should it not be? Should the Lady of Heaven be angry that we love

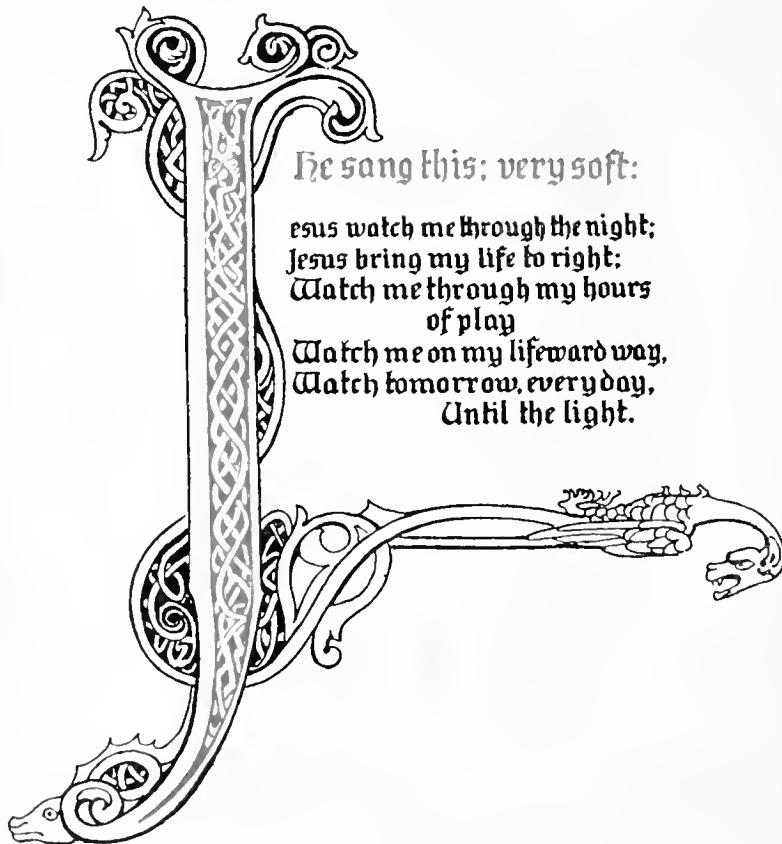
Troubadour Romances

her handmaidens, if we love them truly and well?
Though God gave it not to me, yet should I think
love lovely. For the dear Lord Jesus loveth us, and
we pass on His love unto one another.

And on a time it came they stood by the stream
together, close unto the evening. And he put his
arms about her and he said nothing. For the truest
worship is in silence, and we know not love, neither
God's love nor God's love in us, till our hearts are still.



AND lo as his hands met at the ripple of the neck he gave a cry and he said, ‘What is it?’ And she said, ‘It is a locket.’ And he said, ‘What is thy name?’ She said, ‘Alise, hast thou not said it a hundred times?’ He said, ‘What more?’ She said, ‘Alise de Fleuris; doth it sound sweet?’ He said, ‘It is the same, even that I knelt to long ago—my little playmate of old.’



THIS IS
THE LAST STORY



LITTLE CHILDREN LISTEN WELL
TO THE STORY I WILL TELL,
FOR I MADE IT ALL FOR YOU
(JESU SEND IT GOOD AND TRUE)
AND IF PERCHANCE IT PLEAS-
ING BE,

LITTLE CHILDREN, PRAY FOR ME.

AIDE
LISETTE

Little children, this is my last story,
and I am very sad; yet be ye not sad,
for I will make force to be gay, and if so
be that ye laugh and like it well, then
grant me my boon that I will ask—
anon, anon—I will ask it anon when the
tale is done.

There was a certain knight Sir Lucien de Château Berelyn and he was exceedingly lonely; for years had gone by and he was not as young as once he was, nor yet was he old and full of the peace of wisdom

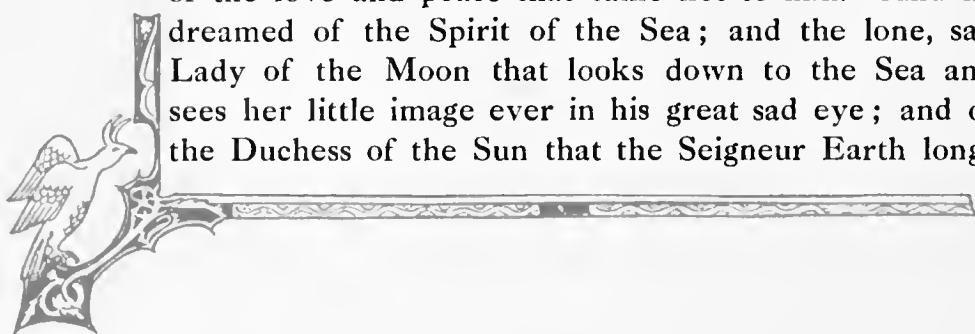
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which bringeth joy at the last. But he said, ‘I am unhappy, yet I know not what I would have for gladness ; I know not what I long for, yet I am lonely and my heart is ill at ease.’

Now it was twilight, and Sir Lucien stood by the window and looked out over the sea, and he said, ‘What would’st thou, Sea, with thy moaning from daybreak even until eve ; thou art like a wind in the woodland that has lost her summer, and sighs and makes dole among the trees ; what would’st thou ?’ But the waves moaned still ; and the sea gulls cried, ‘Kiki,’ among the mist-folds. And then the moon came, and looked down mournful out of heaven. Sir Lucien went to the fireside, and stirred the logs with his dagger and sat in the glow. And he said, ‘Out, alas, but I am lonely ; oh God give me ease of my loneliness ; give me love and peace, O God.’

And may be God heard, up in heaven, and shook back his white locks, and smiled.

So the evening drew on and Sir Lucien sat half a-doze by the fireside and dreamed of fair ladies and of the love and peace that came not to him. And he dreamed of the Spirit of the Sea ; and the lone, sad Lady of the Moon that looks down to the Sea and sees her little image ever in his great sad eye ; and of the Duchess of the Sun that the Seigneur Earth longs



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after as he wanders through the wastes of space ; and of the little boy-stars that trim their lamps a-laughing, and never care for love and ladies or aught of that, but run gambolling after dear mother the Lady Moon, with her long silver locks, and nestle to her, and smile to her when she is sad.

ND as he sat there a-dreaming, lo, there came a little tap-tapping so that he started up, and cried, ‘What would’st thou, clattering at my gate so late o’ the night ! Get thee gone—marauder !’ And so it was that there came a little voice, ‘Oh my neck, my neck,’ sad and piping as the quill of a little, weary bird. And he said, ‘God have mercy, what is this ?’ And he went to the door.

And lo, it was a little child that lay there a-piping, with a white kerchief tied about her throat and her head with a little bow on the top.

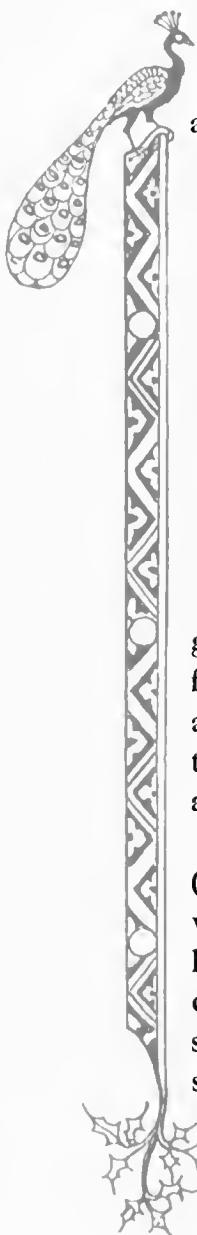
And she said, ‘Oh my neck, my neck.’

And he said, ‘What is it, little top-knot ?’

And she said, ‘I am not top-knot ; I am called Lisette ; and my mother and father are dead of their necks, and the neighbours are afraid because God hath afflicted us—oh my neck, my neck.’

And he said, ‘God have mercy, it is the Pestilence. God have mercy, it is the Pestilence.’

And still she cried, ‘Oh my neck, my neck,’ and she burst out a-weeping on the door step ; ‘Oh my neck, my neck. Oh, Little Jesu, stop its paining.’



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And he said, ‘Hush little one and abide with me,
and it will soon be well.’

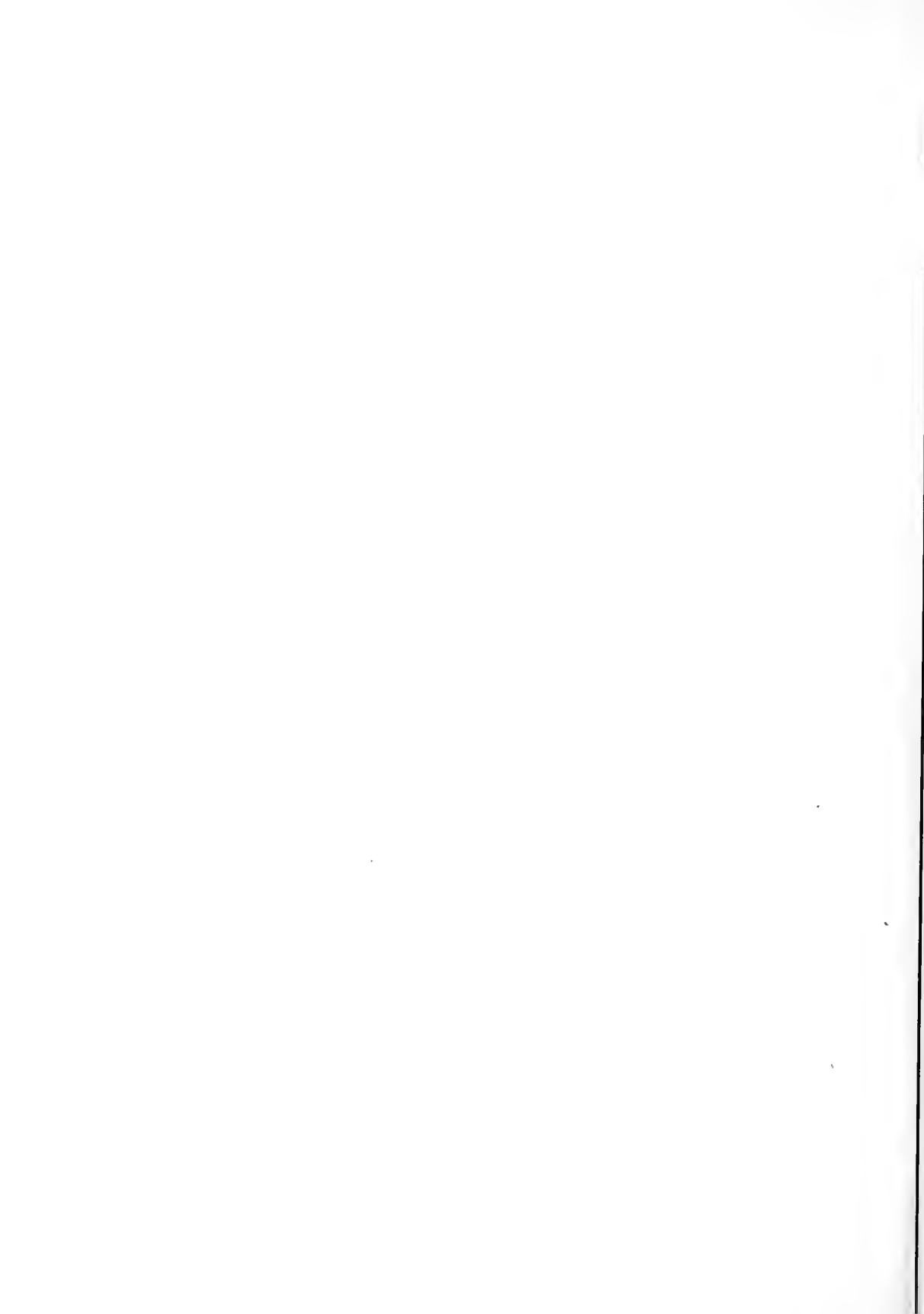
And so the time went by, little children,
and the sunshine ripened the seed into
flower, and the flower into fruit till it
grew ripe and round unto maidenhood
and the blush was soft on the cheek.
And so also grew the little Lisette till
she was a very fair woman; even as
all ye, my little ladies, will be, as time
goes on.

So Lisette grew into a very fair woman. And as she grew so it was that Sir Lucien began to stand apart from her, as though he were afraid, for he said, ‘Out alas, she is a very fair maiden, but what have the old to do with the young?’ And he took to his books and abode by himself.

But many knights and squires came to the castle (though they saw little of Sir Lucien, so that the fame went abroad that he was dead). Yet did not Lisette look upon the knights and squires, so that they called her ‘Hard heart’ and ‘Lack-love.’ But she said nothing, only she looked very sorrowful, more sorrowful from day to day. Sir Lucien came not nigh her, and there was a great weariness in her eyes and a sadness in her voice as though she longed for something—even as the Sea.



What avails it to be lonely like the sea?



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And Sir Lucien looked out from his tower, and he prayed to God, and he said, ‘Thank thee, O Jesu, for the little one Thou didst send me. And yet I know not, for my loneliness is still with me, for now she is great and very fair, God knows how fair, and I am still lonely,’ and he laid his head down upon the sill and wept.

He said, ‘It is foolishness to weep.’ He arose and went down, and came to Lisette at her window looking also across the Sea, and he said :—

‘Look not there, Lisette, for what avails it to be lonely like the Sea. Are not the flowers and the Sun for thee, for gladness ?’

And she said, ‘I am weary already ; the Sea is not as weary as I, for his love is far away, and the Mother Moon is old and kind.’

And he looked in her eyes, and saw the weariness, and he said, ‘What would’st thou ?’

And she said, ‘Nothing, save to be old like thee.’

And he said, ‘What would’st thou, Lisette ?’

And she said, ‘I would to God that I might dream always, for I am weary of longing and yearning in the daylight.’

And Sir Lucien said, ‘What is it thou desirest, and I will fetch it thee, though it were in the Moon, or at the bottom of the Sea, though the Stars held it, and handled it in their play, I would fetch it thee, Lisette.’

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SHE said, ‘It is for sleep only, to sleep always, for waking will not bring me my desire, but in dreams it is always with me. Bring me a sleep that wakes not, and dreams that never fly away.’

Sir Lucien said, ‘Ho! who hath dreams that never fly away?’ And he went out, and he travelled many days, and he came to all the learned men and asked them for dreams that never fly away, but they knew not of dreams to give him (for dreams are the gift of God, my little children, that He giveth to each of us, and most of all unto you, but we may not pass on God’s gifts to another).

The Lady Lisette stood by her window and looked out across the sea, and she prayed, ‘O Jesu, Thou hast sweet dreams, O! give me a long, long sleep so that my dream may never fly away.’

And mayhap Jesu heard it up in Heaven, and whispered it on to God, and God heard it, and shook back His white locks and smiled.

So Sir Lucien came back after many days to Castle Berelyn in the early morning, very sad at heart, for that he could not bring to Lisette her desire, and moreover because of the loneliness and the great yearning that was in his heart. And he said, ‘I know what this yearning is, now that I have been absent, but I am old, and my locks are sprinkled with snow, and what hath snow to do with the fruit upon the trees?’

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And he rode in at the gate and he cried out, ‘Alas—ho!—they cannot give it me.’ But it was all very silent. And as he passed through the halls, lo! they were asleep, every one, even the dogs on the hearth. (Even so it was, my little cbildren!)

At last he came to my Lady’s chamber, and he said, ‘Lo! she is asleep; the sunlight is asleep in her hair, even the flowers are asleep in her hand.’

It grew hot to mid-day, and faded to twilight and evening drew near. The sunbeams slipped down from the window-sill, and the Moon came hastening up over the sky. ‘Asleep,’ he said. ‘They are all asleep’; and the sea-gulls swirled round the window—‘Kiki, Kiki, Kiki.’

‘I have waited all day, and evening is coming on, and I cannot wake her.’ ‘Nobody can wake her,’ said the sea-gulls. ‘Kiki. Nobody knows how to wake her—except Sweet Lady of the Moon.’

‘How can I reach her, oh sea-gulls, how can I reach her?’

And the Moon thrust a moonbeam through the lattice.

‘Climb up her ladder; it is broad and thin at the bottom. Kiki! Tread softly or you will fall through.’

So he climbed up the moonbeam (my little cbildren) and came to the Sweet Lady of the Moon sitting in the midst of the ripples of her soft, white hair, and he said, ‘Lady of the Moon, Lisette is

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asleep and I cannot wake her. How shall I wake her, Lady of the Moon?

And the Lady of the Moon looked at him very sadly, then: 'Find what she is dreaming of,' said the Sweet Lady of the Moon.

So he searched all the earth and asked, 'Sir, dost thou know what it is that Lisette is dreaming of?' But no man knew.

And he went up to the little boy, Pole Star, where he sat trimming his tiny lamp and he said, 'Is it on the earth, little one, tell me, is it on the earth?' And the little boy, Pole Star, smiled and he said, 'No it is not on the earth.'

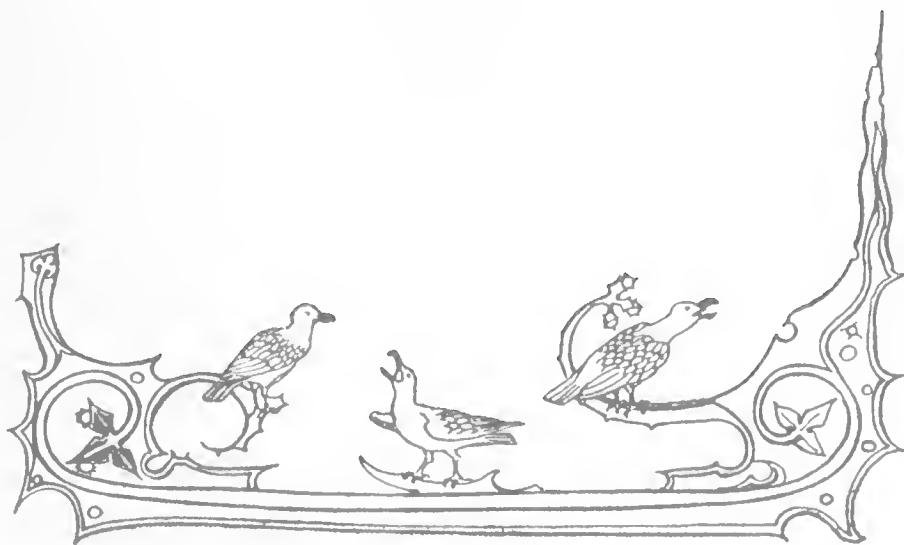
And he went up to the Moon, and he said, 'Lady of the Moon, is it in the Moon?' And she said, 'Yes, it is in the Moon.' And he searched all this side of the Moon, and he went to the back (even so, my little children) and he groped in the darkness, and as he groped he fell off the edge.

And the Lady of Fairyland lay asleep with her head on her arm and all the little fairies were a-dozing round her. And he said, 'Lady of Fairyland, is it in Fairyland?' And the Lady of Fairyland lifted up her head drowsily and said, 'Yes, it is in Fairyland.' And he searched all Fairyland behind the leaves and into the empty palaces, and he peeped into the foxgloves and turned up the heads of the violets, but it was not there. And he said, 'I' faith I know not where it is.'

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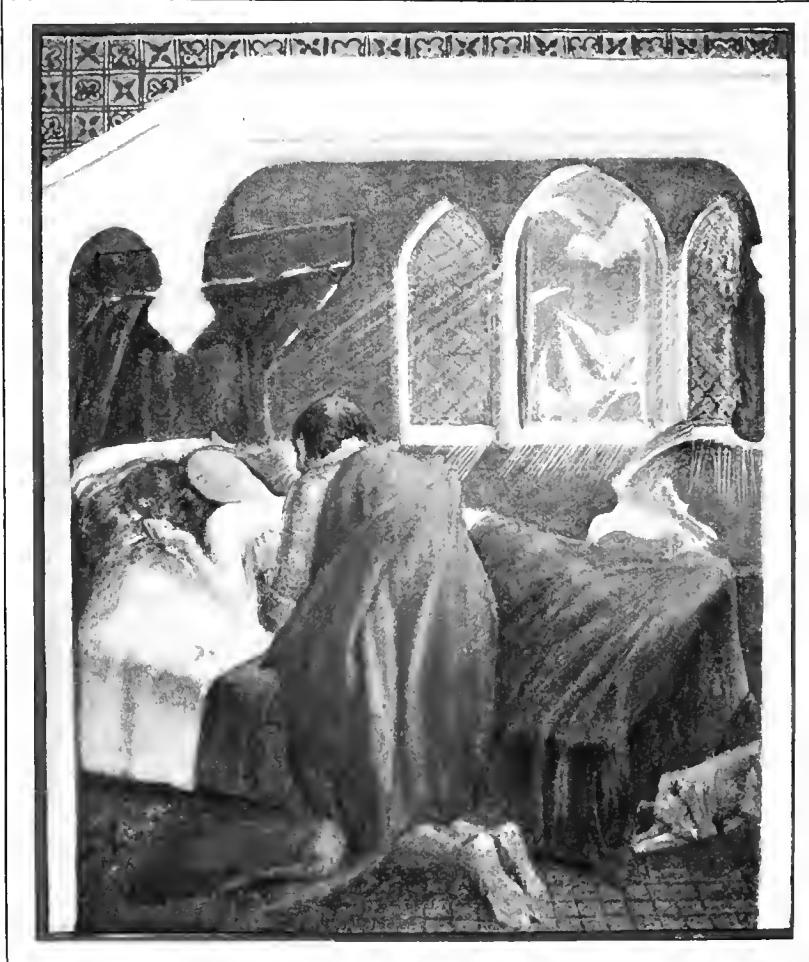
And he searched under the Sea. And he went to the edge of the world and looked behind the clouds; and he cried up into the sky, ‘Lady of the Sun, is it in the Sun?’ And the Lady of the Sun looked out of the mist of her golden hair, and said, ‘No it is not in the Sun.’ And the Sun sank down into the gulf and he leaned over the edge and shouted into the darkness, ‘Lady of the Sun, is it under the Sun?’ And the answer came back faint and distant, ‘No, it is not under the Sun.’

‘She is asleep,’ he said. ‘They are all asleep’: and the sea-gulls swirled round the window, ‘Kiki, Kiki, Kiki.’ ‘Have you found it?’ said the sea-gulls. And he said, ‘No, I have searched all the world.’



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AND he knelt down by her side and put his arm under her hair and said, 'Oh Lady thou art my loneliness, even as of the Sea that is cold and lovelorn, even as of the Wind that has lost her summer, even as of the Stars that cry to each other,



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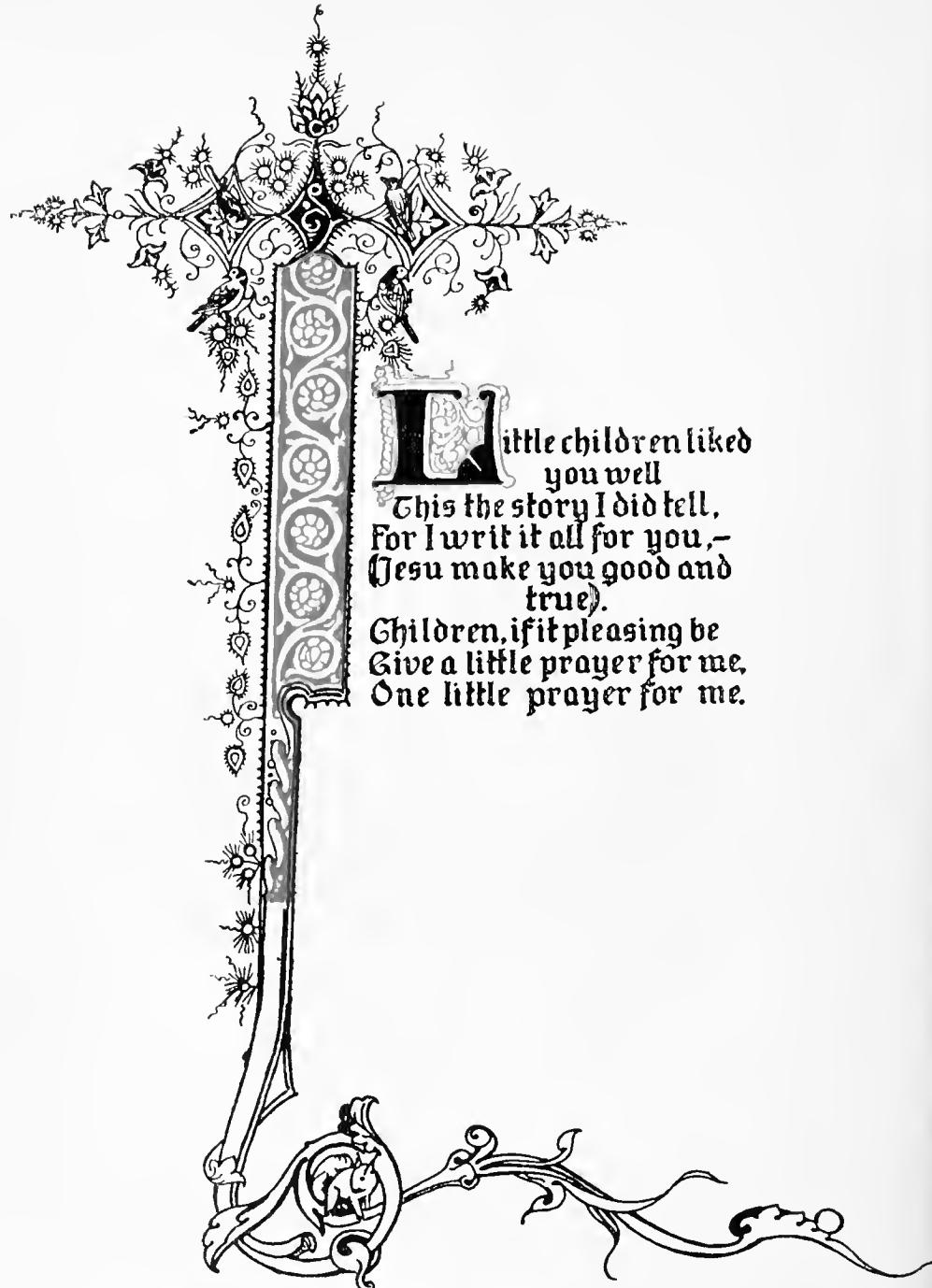
even as of thee, Lady of my heart,' he said. 'What art thou dreaming of?'

'Of thee,' said My Lady, 'of thee.'

And a sound passed over the castle, as of a breeze sweeping over a field of corn.

'He knows,' said the sea-gulls, 'Kiki, Kikiki.'

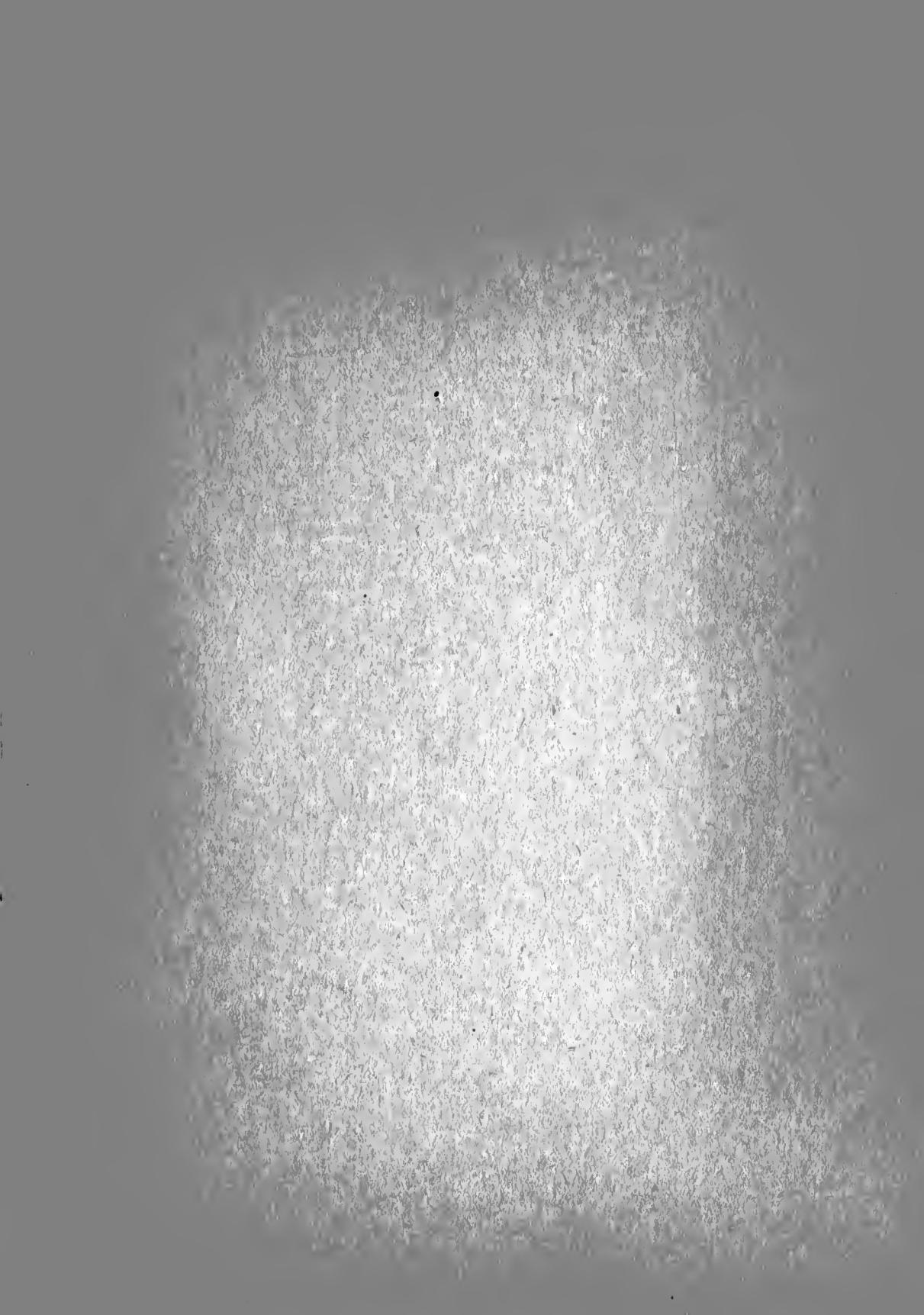


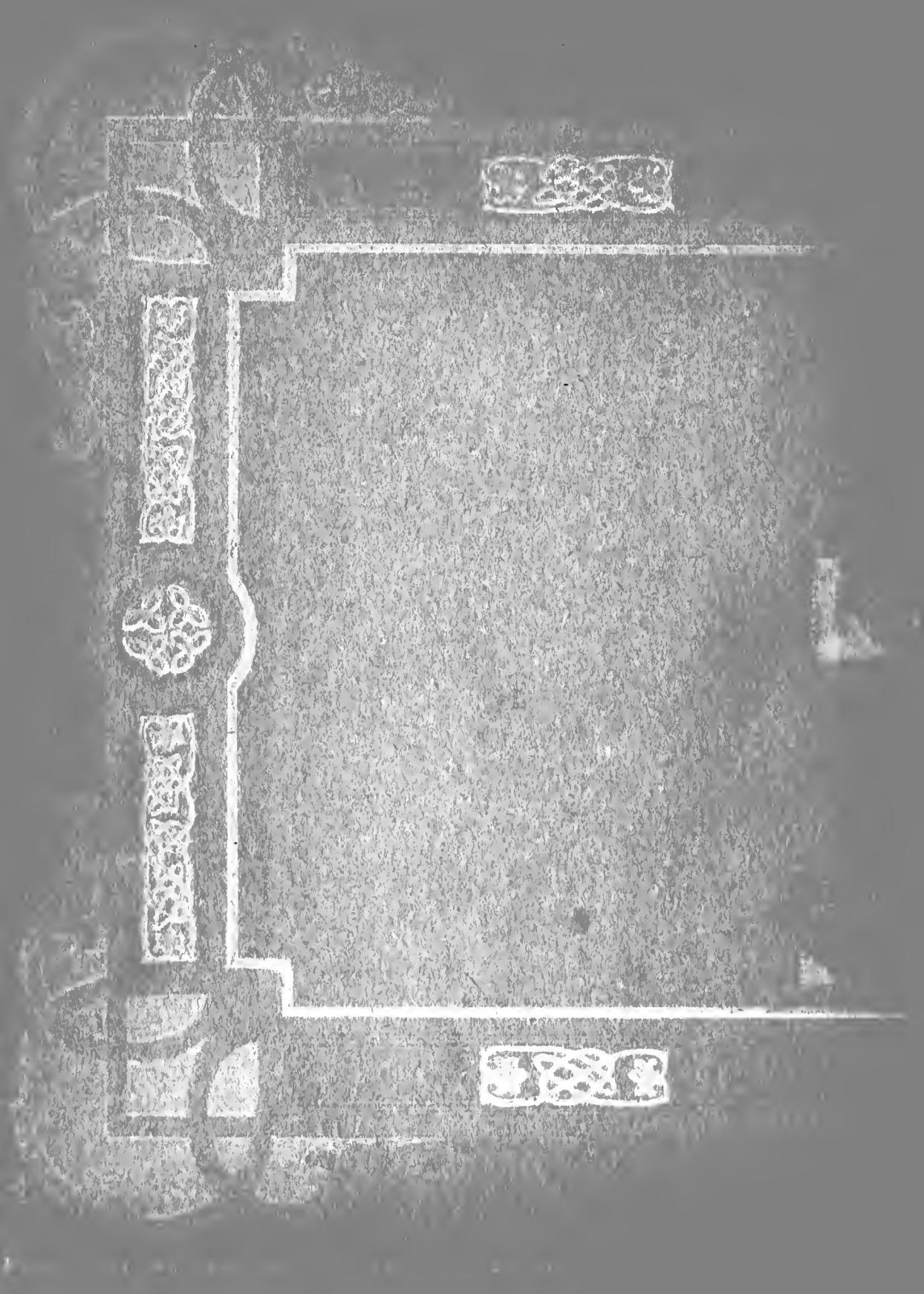


Little children liked
you well
This the story I did tell,
For I writ it all for you,—
(Jesus make you good and
true).
Children, if it pleasing be
Give a little prayer for me,
One little prayer for me.



Empryntit at ye
Camperfield ::
Presse in ye abbye
toun of Saynt Albans
England.





GRADUATION

